THE

CHRISTIAN HARP

AND

SABBATH SCHOOL SONGSTER:

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS AND REVIVALS.

SINGER'S GLEN, Rockingham Co., Va.
RUEBUSH, KIEFFER, & CO.

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THE

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AND

SABBATH SCHOOL SONGSTER.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

THE SOCIAL RELIGIOUS CIRCLE, REVIVALS,

AND THE

Sabbath School.

SINGER'S GLEN, Rockingham Co., Va.
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PREFACE.

THE publishers of this little work would say to their brethren of the various denominations, and friends in general, that their sole object in framing "THE CHRISTIAN HARP AND SABBATH SCHOOL SONGSTER," was the purpose of supplying a want—long felt by themselves and many others—of such a work.

When they first spoke of arranging and publishing a book of this kind, all who heard of it seemed much delighted, and many encouraged them to prosecute the work at once, declaring their hearty patronage.

They have, therefore, selected such melodies, and collected such ballads from far and near, as were thought best adapted to social worship—revivals, and Sabbath Schools, and tending to promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion.

The large sale and increasing demand for this little work, have induced the publishers to issue a Tenth Edition. No changes have been made in this from the former edition, and it is now offered to the public in a permanent form.

THE PUBLISHERS.

INTRODUCTION.

MUSIC is composed of sounds produced by the human voice or musical instruments. These tones have three essential properties namely:

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER,

Pitch regards a tone as *high* or *low*; length, as *long* or *short*; and power, as *loud* or *soft*.

At the foundation of high and low tones lies a series of eight notes called

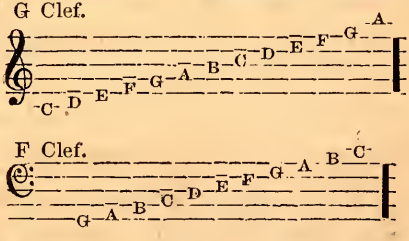
THE DIATONIC SCALE.

To the first tone of the scale we apply the syllable DO, to the second RE, &c., as above.

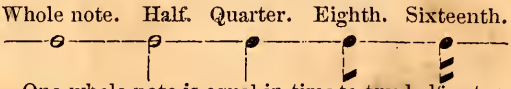
Music is written upon a character called the STAFF. The staff is composed of five lines and four spaces. The notes are written on the lines and in the spaces. Each line and each space thus represents a degree of sound. When more than nine degrees of sound are wanted, the spaces below and above are used; and if still more degrees of sound are wanted, short lines are added below and above on which the notes are placed.

There are two staffs in use. These staffs are distinguished by characters called Clefs— the F Clef and the G Clef. The lines and spaces represent different tones. These tones are named after the first seven letters of the alphabet. When the F Clef is placed on the staff, the first line is called G, the first space A, &c., as in the following example; but when the G Clef is placed on the staff, the first line represents E, the first space F, &c.

THE STAFF WITH CLEFS AND LETTERS.



To represent the length of tones, characters are used called notes. These notes are of various lengths, as follows:



One whole note is equal in time to two half notes,

or four quarters, or eight eights, or sixteen sixteenths: and the same relative length must be allowed to each note. Thus if we sing the whole note in four seconds of time, the half note must be sung in two seconds, the quarter-note in one second, the eighth-note in half-a-second, and the sixteenth note in a quarter of a second. But if in any piece of music the whole note is sung in three seconds, the half-note must be sung in a second and a half, &c.

The notes of a piece of music are divided into equal measures—each measure containing the same value of notes. For this purpose bars are used. There are three bars in common use, viz: the single bar, the broad bar, and the double bar.

The single bar divides the staff into equal time-measures: the broad bar marks the end of a line of poetry; and the double bar shows where a strain ends that is to be repeated, and is also used at the beginning of a chorus.

EXAMPLE:

Single Bar. Measure. Broad Bar. Measure. Double Bar

Notes are subject to some modifications by the use of additional characters. A dot or point (·) placed after a note adds one-half to its length; thus, the pointed whole note is equal to three half-notes; the pointed half-note to three quarters, &c. When the figure 3 is placed over a group of three notes, such three notes are to be performed in the time of two notes of equal value without the figure 3. When a pause 𝄐 is placed over a note it adds about one-third to its original length.

When four dots or points are placed across the staff the strain following is to be repeated.

When the initials D. C. are placed over the staff they indicate a repetition of the first strain again, and closing with that.

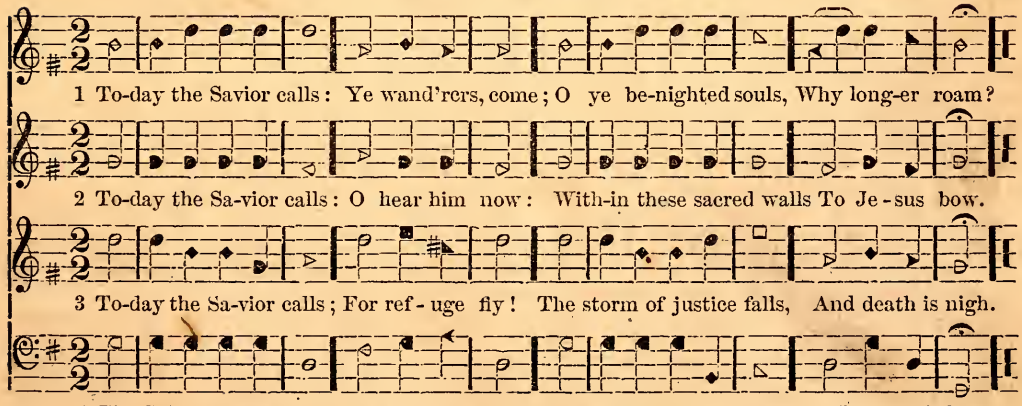
There are three kinds of TIME in music, namely, Common Time, Triple Time, and Compound Time. There are three varieties of Common time; two of Triple, and two of Compound. The first measure of Common Time is marked with the fraction 2-2, and contains two half-notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests. The second measure is marked with the fraction 4-4, and contains four quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests. The third measure is marked with the fraction 2-4, and contains two quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests.

The first measure of Triple Time is marked with the fraction 3-2, and contains three half-notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests; and the second measure is marked with the fraction 3-4, and contains three quarter-notes, or their equal in other notes or rests.

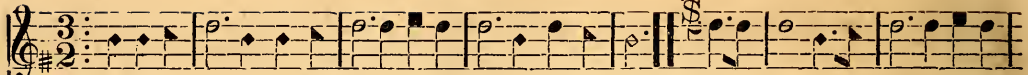
The first measure of Compound Time is marked with the fraction 6-4, and contains six quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests; and the second measure with the fraction 6-8, and contains six eighth-notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests.

THE CHRISTIAN HARP AND SABBATH SCHOOL SONGSTER.

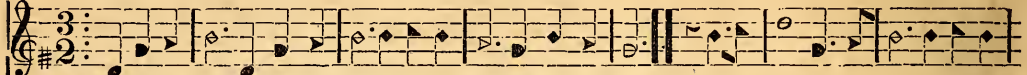
TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.



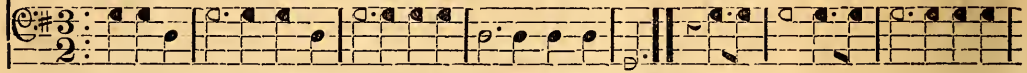
HAPPY DAY.



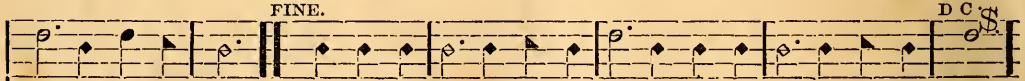
1 O happy day that fixed my choice, On thee my Savior and my God; } Happy day, happy day! When Je-sus
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } D. C. Happy day, &c.



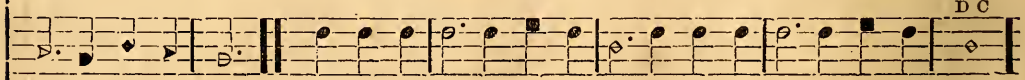
2 O happy bond that seals my vows, To Him who merits all my love; } Happy day, happy day! When Je-sus
Let cheerful anthems fill his house While to that sacred shrine I move. } D. C. Happy day, &c.



3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and he is mine; }
He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess his voice divine. }



washed my sins a - way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing eve - ry day;



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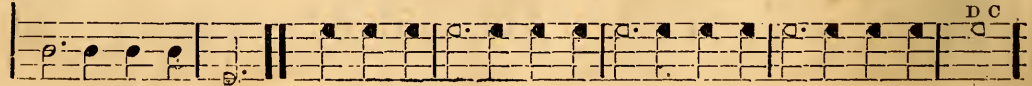
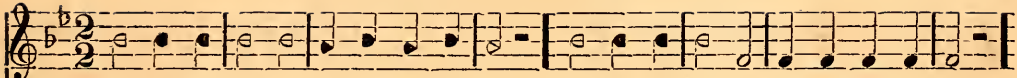
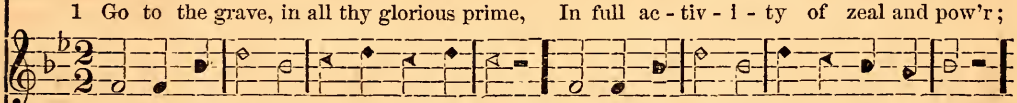
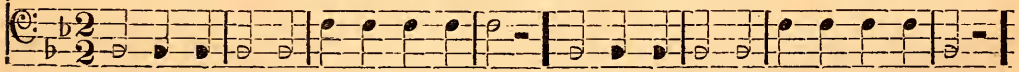




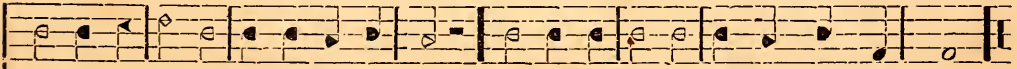
1 Go to the grave, in all thy glorious prime, In full ac - tiv - i - ty of zeal and pow'r;



2 Go to the grave, at noon from labor cease; Rest on thy sheaves, thy har-vest work is done;

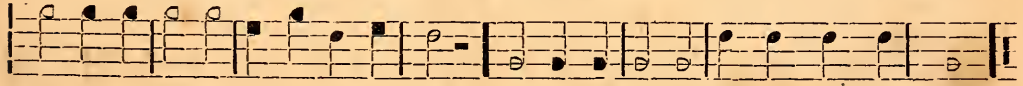


3 Go to the grave, for there the Sa-vior lay In death's em-bra-ces ere he rose on high,



A Christian can-not die be - fore his time, The Lord's ap-point-ment is the ser-vant's hour.

Come from the heat of bat-tle and of peace, Sol-dier, go home; with thee the fight is won.



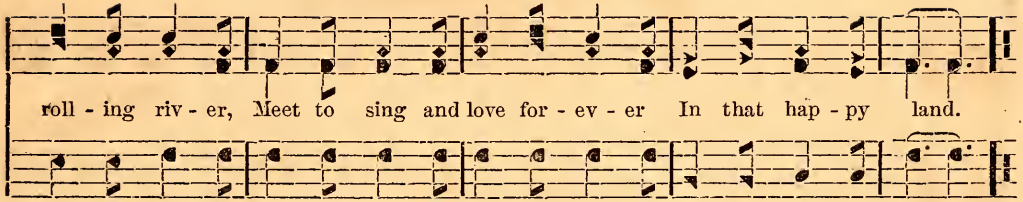
And all the ran-som'd by that nar-row way, Pass to e - ter - nal life be - yond the sky.

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

1 Shall we sing in heaven for-ev-er—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in
2 Shall we know each oth-er ev-er? In that land? In that land? Shall we know each

heaven for-ev-er In that hap-py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that
oth-er ev-er In that hap-py land? Yes! oh, yes! in that

land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall sing for-ev-er Far be-yond the
land, that hap-py land, They that meet shall know each oth-er, Far be-yond the



3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land that happy land
Saints and angels sing forever
Far beyond the rolling river
Meet to sing and love forever
In that happy land!

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest forever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5 Shall we meet our dear lost children,
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear lost children,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy lad,
Children meet and sing forever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

6 Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that land?
Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land that happy land.
Parents and children meet together
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

7 Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land?
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Teachers and scholars meet together,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

8 Shall we know our blessed Savior,
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Savior,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Savior
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there forever,
In that happy land!

MONTROSE. 7's (DOUBLE.)

1 Sons of God, tri - umph-ant rise, Shout th'ac-complished sac - ri - fice!
Shout your sins in Christ for - given, Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n!
D C Sing with us, ye heaven-ly powers, Par - don, Grace, and glo - ry ours!

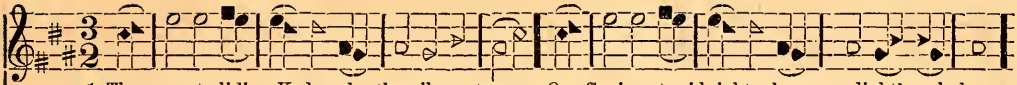
2 Love's mys - te - rious work is done; Greet we now th'a - ton - ing Son;
Heal'd and quick-en'd by his blood, Join'd to Christ and one with God.
D C When his ut - most grace we prove, Rise to heav'n by per - fect love.

D.C.

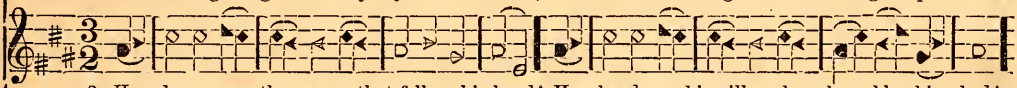
Ye that round our al - tars throng, List' - ning an - gels join the song,
Him by faith we taste be - low, Might-ier joys or - dain'd to know,

D.C.

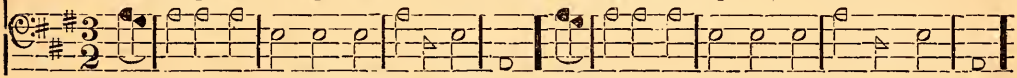
Ye that round our al - tars throng, List'n-ing an - gels, join the song,
Him by faith we taste be - - - low, Might-ier joys or - - dain'd to know,



1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron by thy silver streams, Our Savior at midnight when moonlight's pale beams



2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head! How hard was his pillow, how hum-ble his bed!



3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot! The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be for - got:
4 Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet? Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet.

Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

The angels as - tonished grew sad at the sight, And followed their Master with sol - emn de - light.

The theme most trans-port-ing to seraphs a-bove; The triumph of sor - row, the tri-umph of love.
Let joy - ful ho - san-nas un-ceasing a-rise, And join the full cho - rus that glad-dens the skies.

WONDROUS LOVE.

1 What won-drous love is this, oh, my soul, oh my soul! What wondrous love is

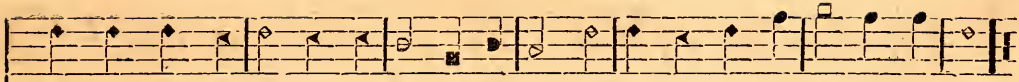
2 When I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing

3 Ye wing-ed ser-aphs fly, bear the news! bear the news! Ye wing-ed ser-aphs

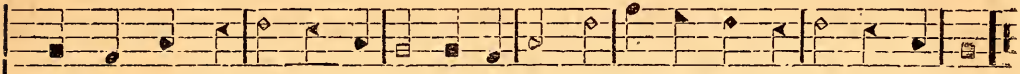
this, oh, my soul; What won-drous love is this! That caused the Lord of bliss To

down, sink-ing down, When I was sinking down, Beneath God's righteous frown, Christ

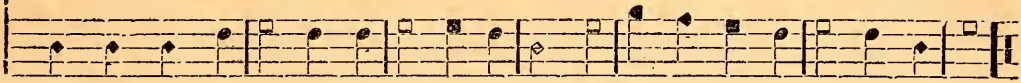
fly, bear the news! Ye wing-ed ser-aphs fly, Like com-ets through the sky, Fill



bear the dread-ful curse for my soul, for my soul! To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.



laid a - side his crown for my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side his crown for my soul.



vast e - ter - ni - ty with the news, with the news, Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty with the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise! join his praise!
Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise!
Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise, in his praise:
And strike each tuneful string in his praise.

5 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb I will sing:
To God and to the Lamb who is the great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

6 And when from death I'm free, I am free, I am free
And when from death I'm free, I am free;
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And through eternity I'll sing on.

NO PARTING THERE.

1 Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when we meet on
2 Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But there we shall with

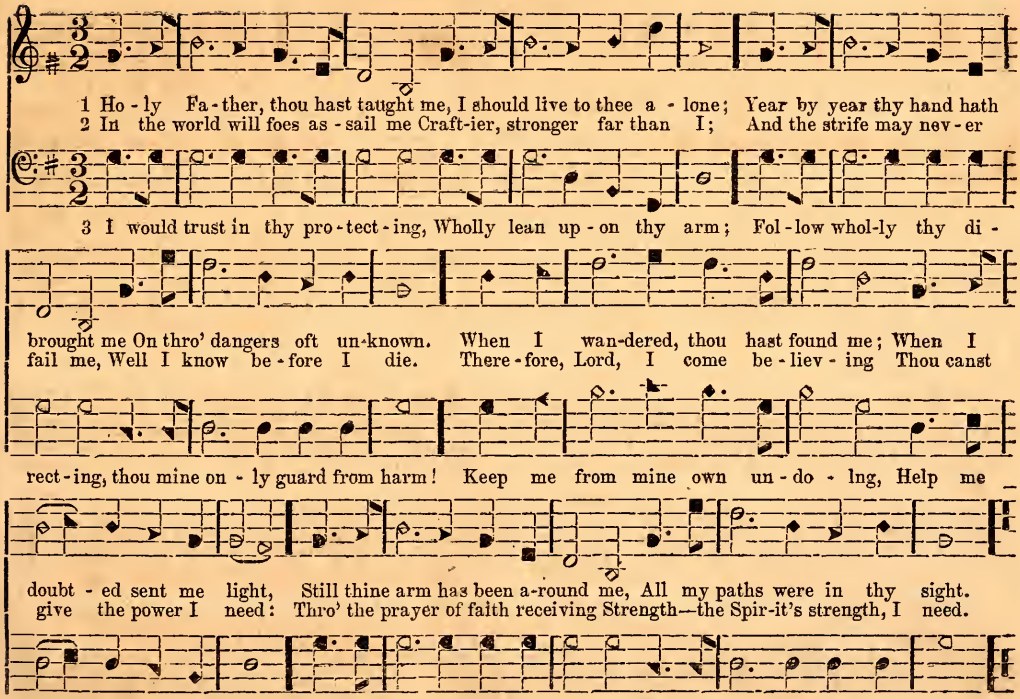
3 Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when we join the

Canaan's plain, There'll be no part-ing there, In that bright world a - bove, In
Je - sus meet, There'll be no part-ing there, In that bright world a - bove, In

heav'nly train, There'll be no part-ing there, In that, &c

CHORUS

that bright world a - bove, Shout! shout the vic-t'ry, We're on our jour-ney home.


1 Ho - ly Fa - ther, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lone; Year by year thy hand hath
2 In the world will foes as - sail me Craft-ier, stronger far than I; And the strife may nev - er
3 I would trust in thy pro - tect - ing, Wholly lean up - on thy arm; Fol - low whol-ly thy di -
brought me On thro' dangers oft un-known. When I wan-dered, thou hast found me; When I
fail me, Well I know be - fore I die. There - fore, Lord, I come be - liev - ing Thou canst
rect - ing, thou mine on - ly guard from harm! Keep me from mine own un - do - ing, Help me
doubt - ed sent me light, Still thine arm has been a-round me, All my paths were in thy sight.
give the power I need: Thro' the prayer of faith receiving Strength—the Spir-it's strength, I need.
turn to thee when tried, Still my foot-steps, Fa-ther, viewing, Keep me ev - er at thy side.

1 How pleasant thus to dwell below In fellowship of love :
And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet above. } The good shall meet above, The

2 Yes, happy thought ! when we are free From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see, And never part again ; } And never part again, And

CHORUS

good shall meet above ; And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet above. Oh that will be

nev - er part a - gain, In heaven we shall each other see, And never part again. Oh that will be

joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful, Oh! that will be joy-ful, To meet to part no more, To meet to part no

joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful, Oh! that will be joy-ful, To meet to part no more, To meet to part no

more, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore, And sing the everlasting song, With those who've gone before.

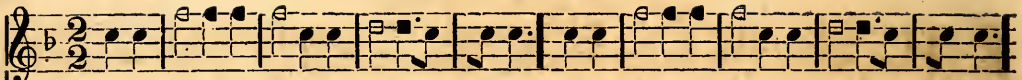
more, On Ca-naan's happy shore, And sing the everlasting song, With those who've gone before.

3 The children who have loved the Lord,
Shall hail their teachers there!
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.

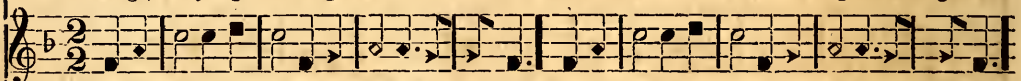
4 Then let us each in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we with those we love, may joy
In never-ending praise.

2 Ch. Harp.

THE INVITATION.



1 Sinner go, will you go to the highlands of heaven, Where the storms never blow and the long summer's given?

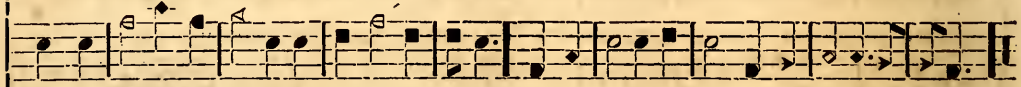


2 Where the rich, golden fruit in bright clusters are pending, And the deep laden boughs of life's fair tree are bending,

3 Where the saints robed in white, cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright, shall inhabit the mountain,

4 He's prepared thee a home, sinner canst thou believe it? And invites thee to come, sinner, wilt thou receive it!

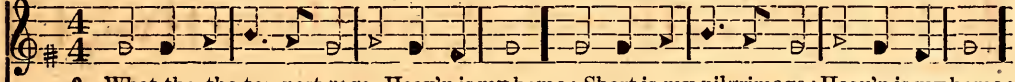
Where the bright blooming flow'rs are their odors emiting, And the leaves of the bowers in the breezes are flitting.



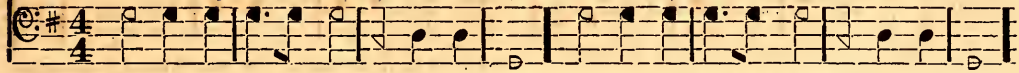
Where life's crystal stream is un-ceas-ing-ly flowing, And the verdure is green and e - ter-nal-ly growing.

Where no sin, nor dis-may; neither trouble nor sor-row, Shall be felt for the day nor be feared for the morrow.
Oh! then come, sin-ner, come! for the tide is re-ceeding, And the Savior will soon and for-ev-er cease pleading.

1 I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home : Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home :

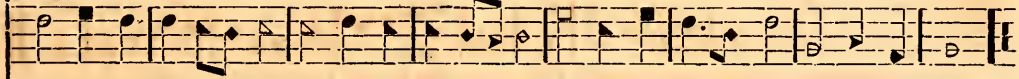


2 What tho, the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home : Short is my pilgrimage ; Heav'n is my home ;

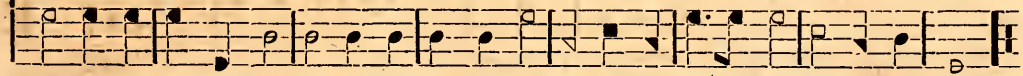


3 There at my Sa-vior's side, Heav'n is my home : I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home ;

Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand, Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

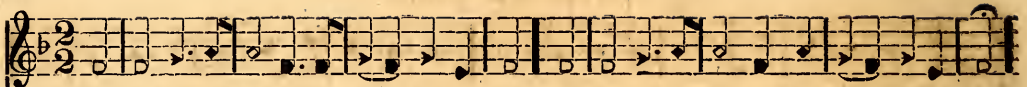


Time's cold and wintry blast, Soon will be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.

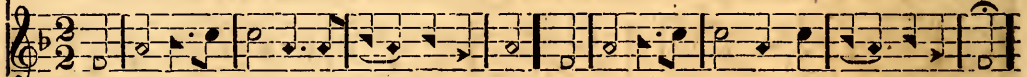


There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best ; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

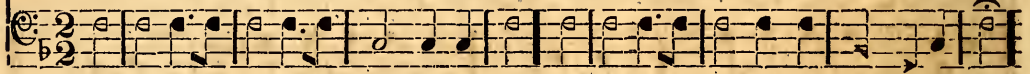
HOME.



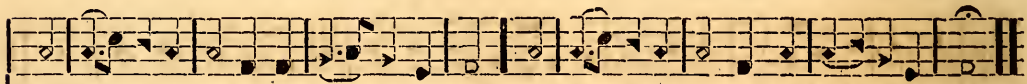
1 I would not live always, I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;



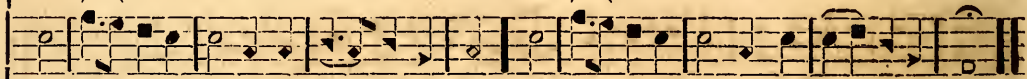
2 I would not live always: no, welcome the tomb; Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;



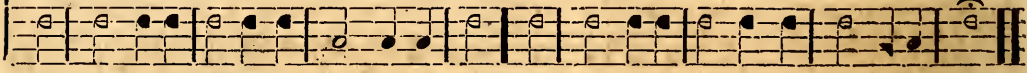
3 Who, who would live always away from his God! Away from yon heaven, that bliss-ful a - bode!
4 Where saints of all a-ges in har-mo-ny meet, Their Savior and brethren trans-port-ed to greet;



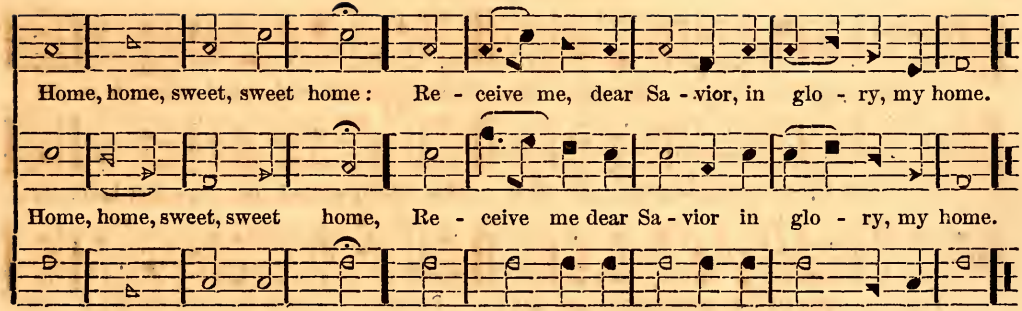
The few lu-cid mornings that dawn on us here, Are fol-low'd by gloom or be-clouded with care.



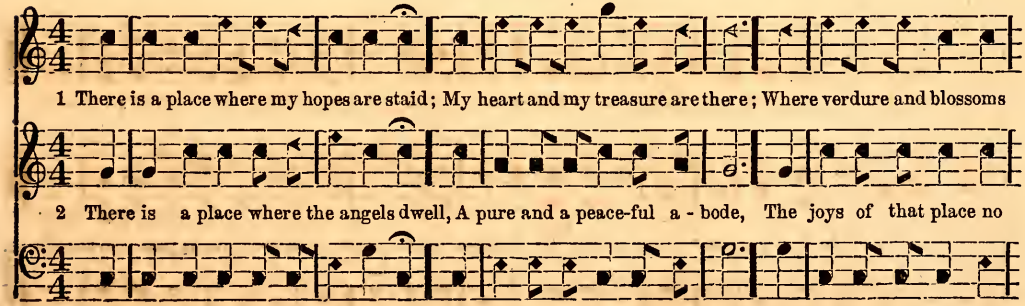
There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph de-scending the skies.

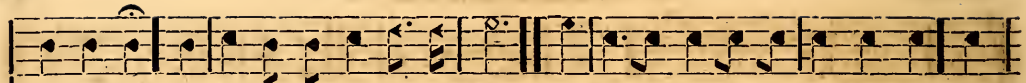


Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And noontide of glory e - ter - nal-ly reigns.
While an-thems of rapture un-ceas-ing-ly roll, The smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

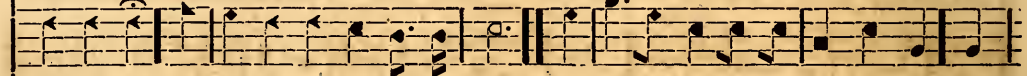


THE FATHERLAND.



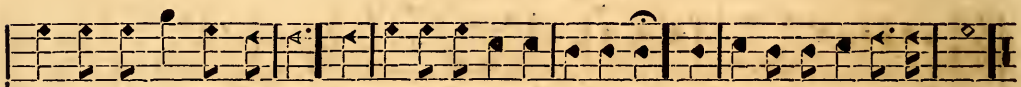


nev-er fade, And fields are e - ter-nal - ly fair. That blissful place is my Fa-ther - land, By

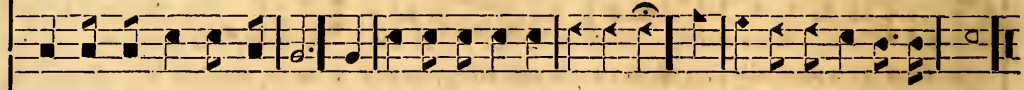


tongue can tell, For there is the pal-ace of God. That blissful place is my fa - ther-land, By

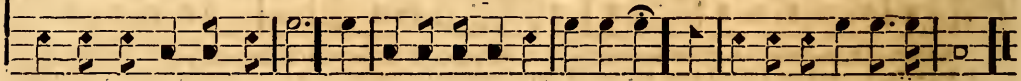
on his throne, The King in his beauty they see.
me will give, And then I shall sor-row no more.

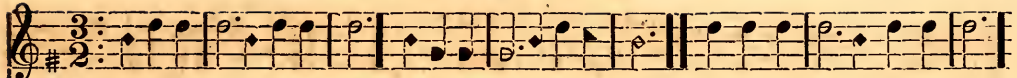


faith its de-lights I ex-plore ; Come favor my flight, angelic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

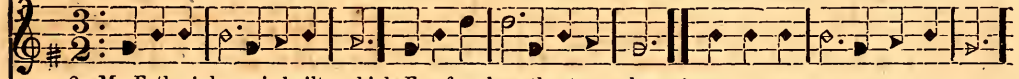


faith its de-lights I ex-plore ; Come fa-vor my flight, angelic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

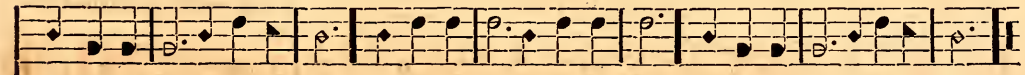




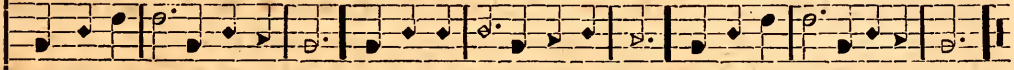
1 My heav'nly home is bright and fair; No pain nor death can enter there; } I'm going home, I'm going home,
Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }



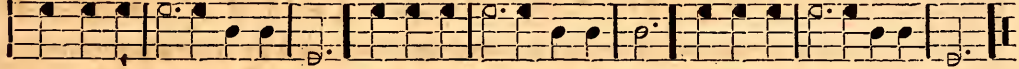
2 My Father's house is built on high, Far, far above the starry sky; } I'm going home, I'm going home,
When from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be. }



I'm go - ing home to die no more; To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.



I'm go - ing home to die no more; To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.



3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth; let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heav'nly mansion stands for me.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.

CHORUS.

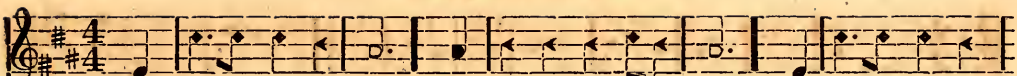
1 There is a world of perfect bliss A - bove the star-ry skies;
Oppress'd with sorrows and with sins, I thither lift mine eyes. } O that world, bright and fair!

2 'Tis there the wea-ry are at rest, And all is peace with-in;
The mind with guilt no more oppress'd Is tranquil and serene. } O that world, bright and fair!

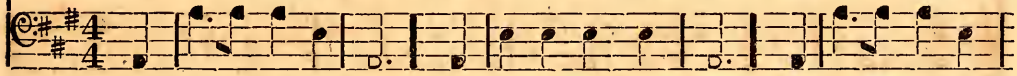
3 Farewell to earth and earthly things: In vain they tempt my stay;
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings, And bear my soul away. } O that world, bright and fair!

How I long to be there, When we shall reach that world of light We'll all be hap-py there.

How I long to be there, When we shall reach that world of light We'll all be hap-py there.

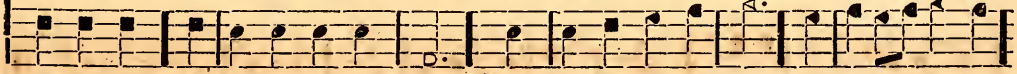


1 I love thy king-dom Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The Church our bless'd Re-
2 For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To her my toils and



3 Je - sus, thou Friend di-vine, Our Sa - vior and our King, Thy hand from every

deem-er saved With his own precious blood. I love thy Church, O God; Her walls before thee
cares be given, Till toils and cares shall end. Be - yond my highest joy I prize her heav'-ly

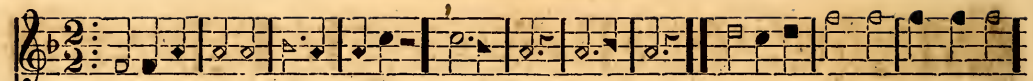


snare and foe, Shall great de-liv'r-ance bring. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be

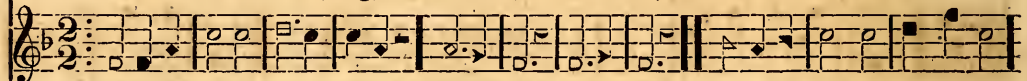
stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.
ways, Her sweet com-mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

giv'n, The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

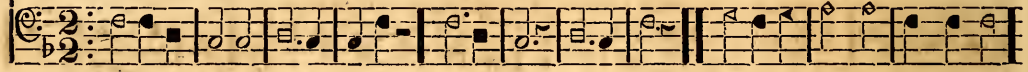
MERCY'S FREE.



1 By faith I view my Savior dying, On the tree, On the tree :
To every na-tion he is cry-ing, " Look to me, Look to me "; } He bids the guilty now draw near,

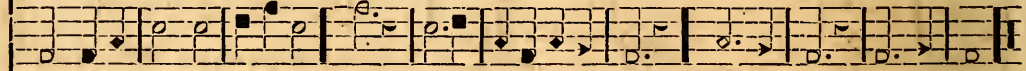


2 Did Christ when I was sin pursuing, Pity me, Pit-y me ?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin, Can it be, Can it be ? } Oh ! yes he did sal-va-tion bring—

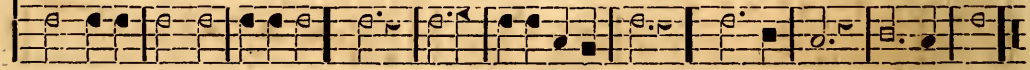


3 Je-sus, the mighty God hath spoken, Peace to me, Peace to me ;
Now all my chains of sin are broken, I am free, I am free ; } Soon as I in his name believed,

Repent, believe, dismiss their fear, Hark ! hark ! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.



He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.



The Ho-ly Spir - it I received, And Christ from death my soul retrieved, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

CHROUS

1 A - las! and did my Sa-vior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He do-vote that Sac-red Head, For such a worm as I? } Re - mem-ber, Lord, thy

2 Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree?
A-maz-ing pi - ty, grace un-known! And love beyond degree. } Re - mer-ber, Lord, thy

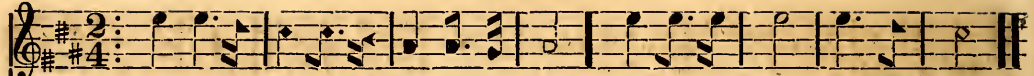
dy-ing groans, And then re-mem - ber me.

dy - ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me.

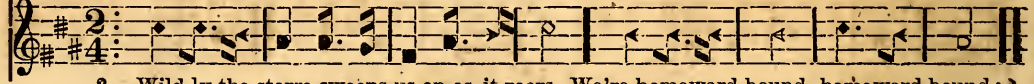
3 Thy body slain sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious Suff'rer stood.

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

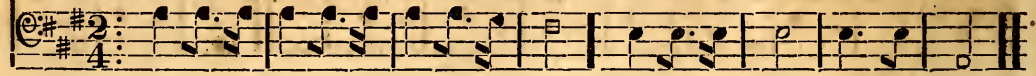
HOMEWARD BOUND.



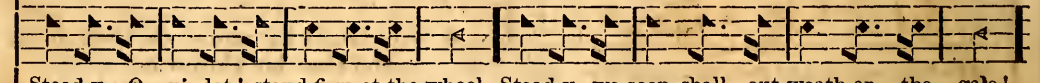
1 Out on an o-cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound :
Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Promise of which on us each he be-stows, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.



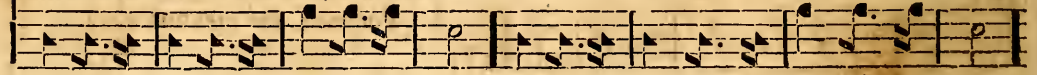
2 Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
O how we fly 'neath the loud-creak-ing sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.



Far from the safe qui-et har-bor we've rode, Seeking our Fa-ther's ce-les - tial a - bode;



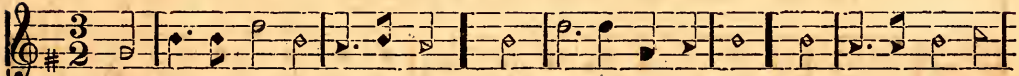
Stead-y, O pi-lot ! stand firm at the wheel, Stead-y, we soon shall out-weath-er the gale !



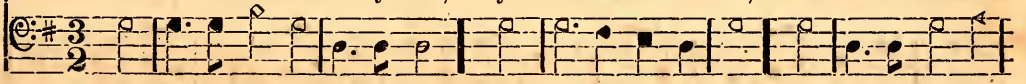
3 We'll tell the world as we journey along
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Come trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed;
Join in our number, O come, and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

WOODLAND. 8,6,8,8,8,6.

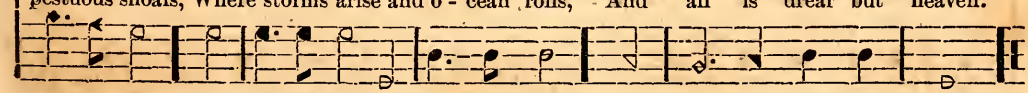


1 There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers giv'n; There is a tear for
2 There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sins and sorrows driven, When tossed on life's tem-



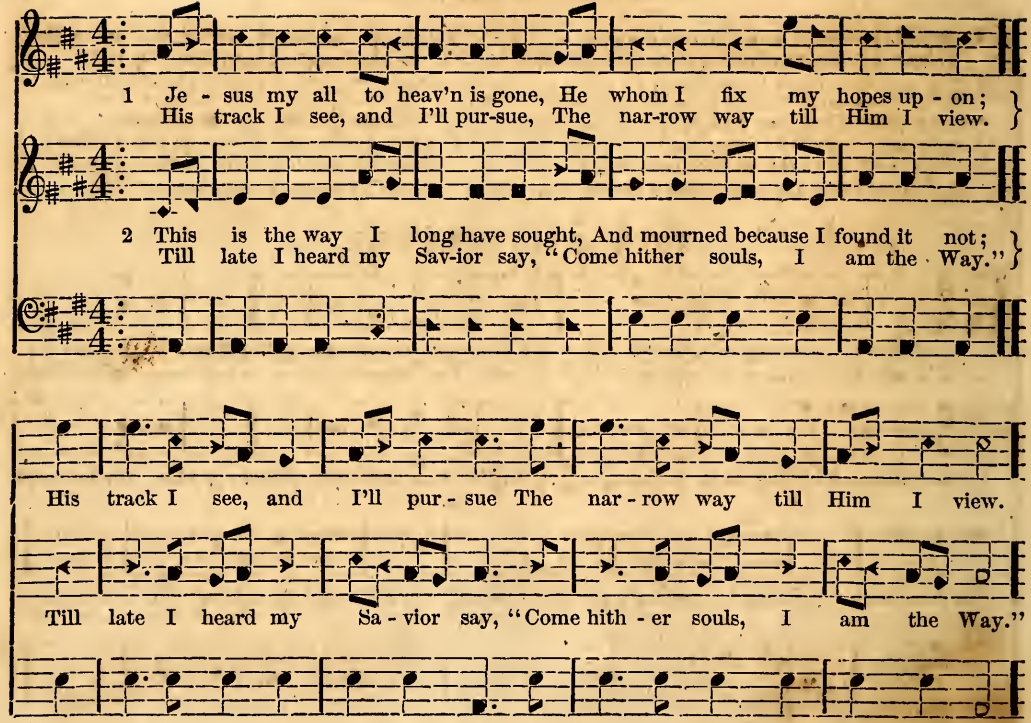
3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye, To brighter prospects given, It views the tempest

souls distressed, A balm for eve - ry wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.
pestuous shoals, Where storms arise and o - cean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.



passing by, Sees eve-ning shadows quick-ly fly, And all se - rene in heaven.

HOSANNA. L. M.


1 Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur-sue, The nar-row way till Him I view.
2 This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not;
Till late I heard my Sav-ior say, "Come hither souls, I am the Way."
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till Him I view.
Till late I heard my Sa - vior say, "Come hith - er souls, I am the Way."

CHORUS

Ho-san-na! ho - san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! let us sing!

Ho-san-na! ho - san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! let us sing!

Grateful hon-ors to our King! Ho-san-na! ho - san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God!

Grateful hon-ors to our King! Ho-san-na! ho - san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God!

3 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
My sinful self to thee I give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

4 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—"behold the way to God!"

OUR HOME IS NOT BELOW. C. M.

Arr. by ALDINE.

1 I'm glad that I am born to die;—Our home is not be - low; } Come, join our pilgrim
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;—Our home is not be - low; } Our home is not be -
Bright angels shall con-vey me home;—Our home is not be - low; } Come, join our pilgrim
A - way to New Je - ru - sa-lem;—Our home is not be - low; } Our home is not be -

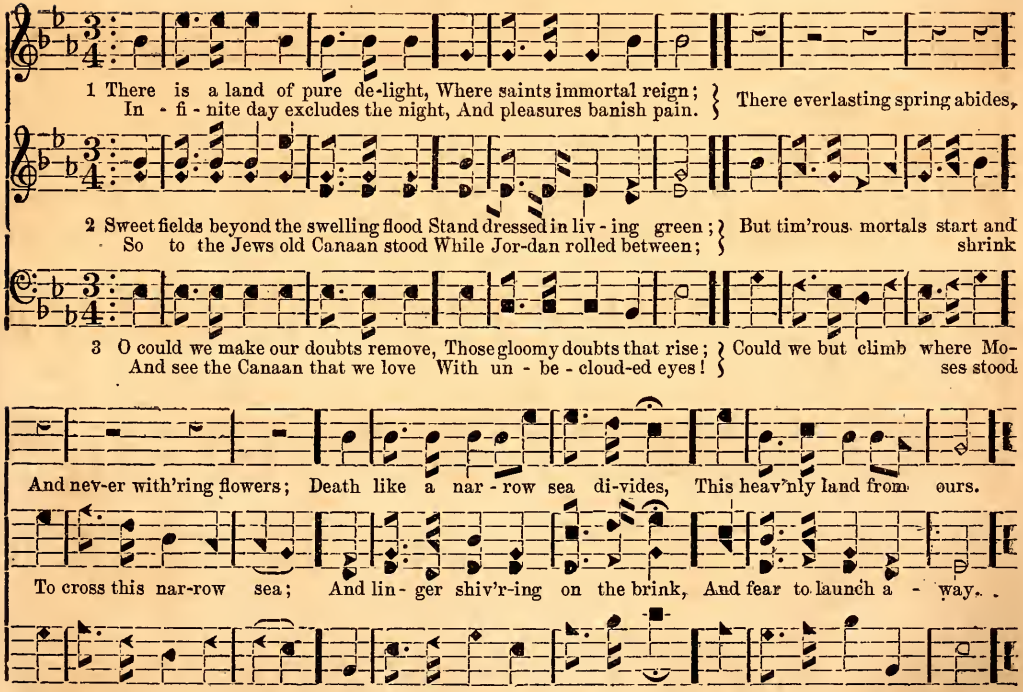
band, And home to glo-ry go; We're trav'ling to that bet-ter land, Our home is not be - low.
low, Our home is not be - low; We're trav'ling to that bet-ter land, Our home is not be - low.

2 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Savior smiles and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

4 I soon shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

5 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell
My Jesus hath done all things well.


1 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign; In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood While Jor-dan rolled between;
But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
3 O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise; And see the Canaan that we love With un - be - cloud-ed eyes!
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood
And nev-er with'ring flowers; Death like a nar - row sea di-vides, This heav'nly land from ours.
To cross this nar-row sea; And lin - ger shiv'r-ing on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
And view the land-scape o'er, Not Jor-dan's stream nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

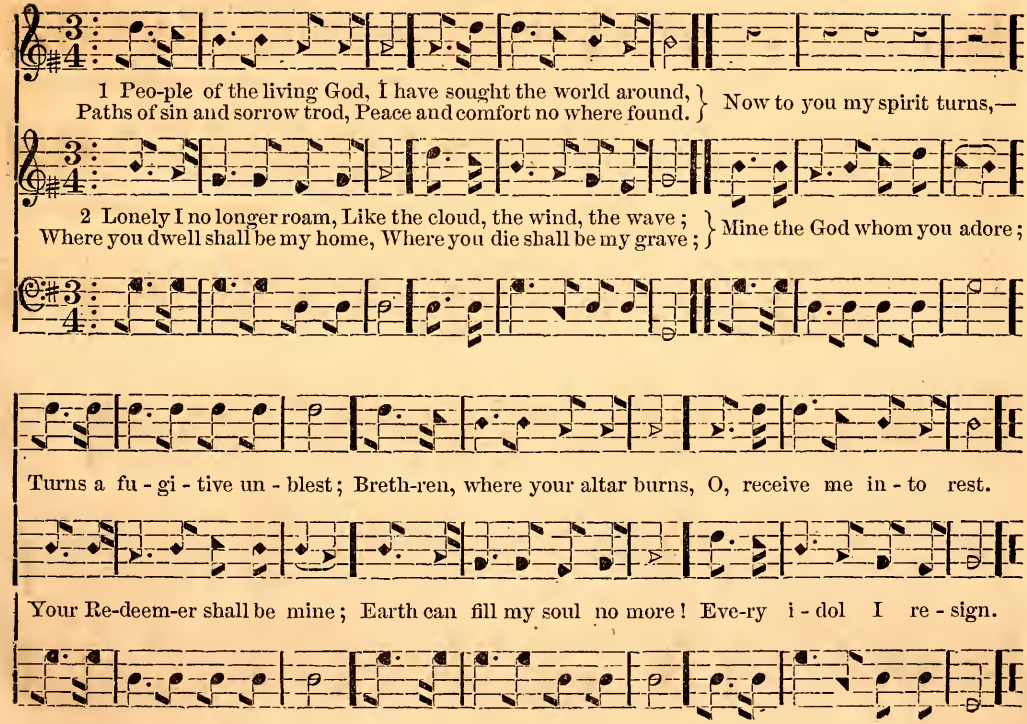
BALTIMORE. 7's.

1 Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
} Ye are trav'ling home to God,

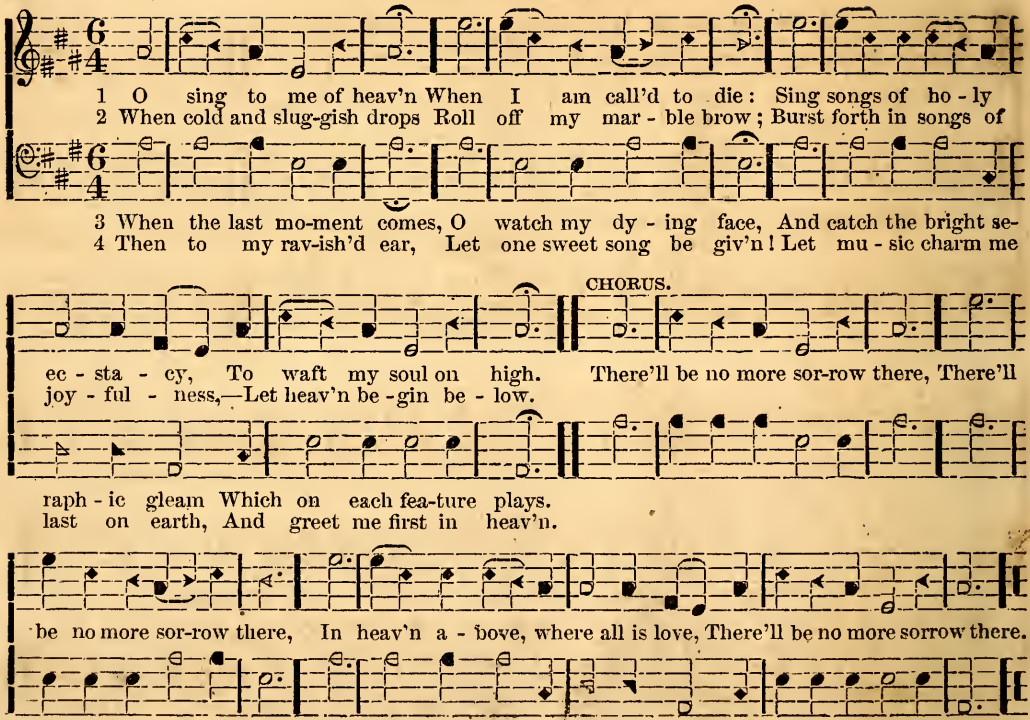
2 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand, On the borders of your land;
Je-sus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismay'd go on.
} Lord, submissive make us go,

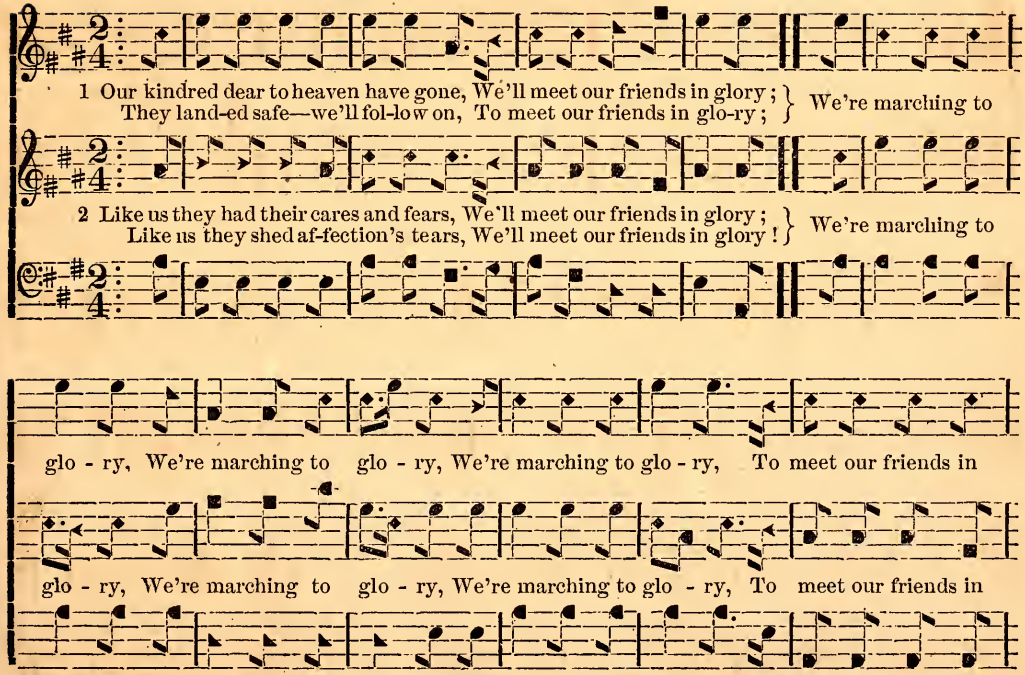
In the way the fa - thers trod; They are hap-py now, and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

Glad-ly leav-ing all be - low; On - ly thou our lead-er be, And we still will fol-low thee.


1 Peo-ple of the living God, I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort no where found.
Now to you my spirit turns,—
2 Lonely I no longer roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore;
Turns a fu - gi - tive un - blest; Breth-ren, where your altar burns, O, receive me in - to rest.
Your Re-deem-er shall be mine; Earth can fill my soul no more! Eve-ry i - dol I re - sign.

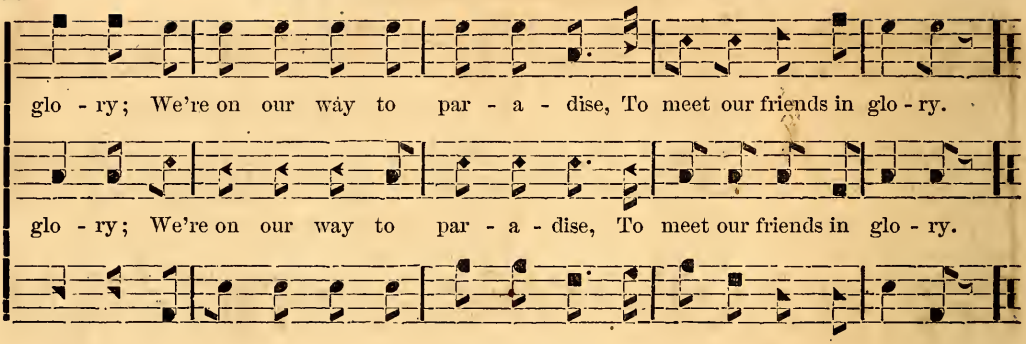
THE CHRISTIAN CHARGE. S. M.



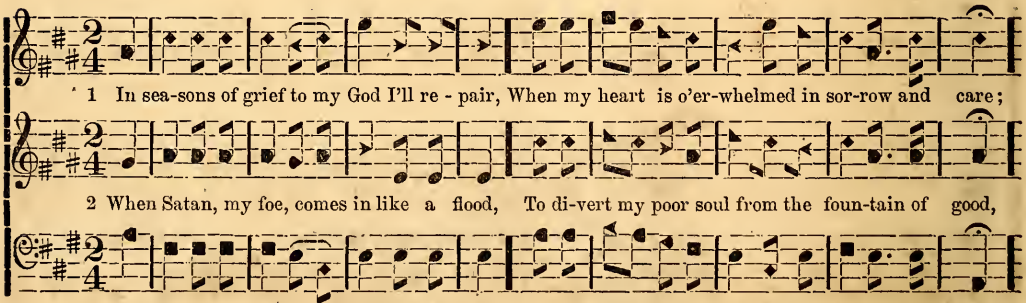


3 Now they are shining bright and fair, We'll meet, &c.
Victorious palms with joy they bear, We'll meet, &c.

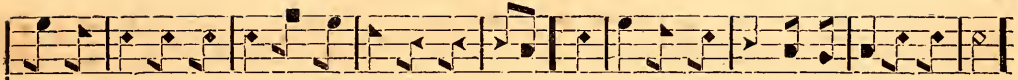
4 Safe housed in their eternal home, We'll meet, &c.
They wait till we with songs shall come, We'll meet, &c.



THE ROCK.

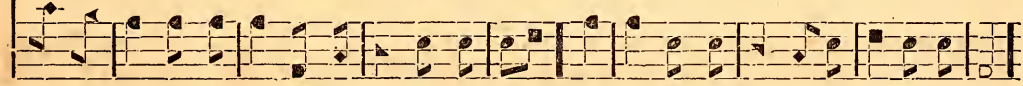


3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here, In my Sa-vior's pure righteousness let me ap - pear;
4 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies, And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,

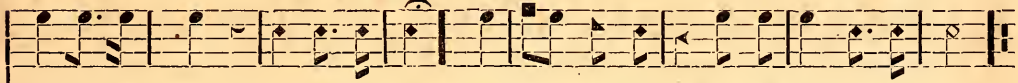


From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry—"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

I will pray to my Sa - vior who kind-ly did die—"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

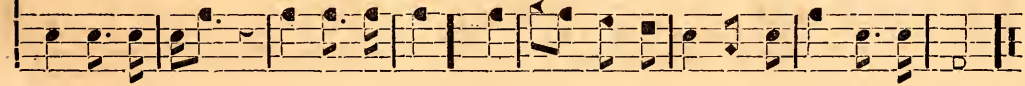


From the swellings of Jor-dan to thee will I cry—"Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!
With the mil-lions I'll join far a - bove yon-der sky, To praise the great Rock that is higher than I!

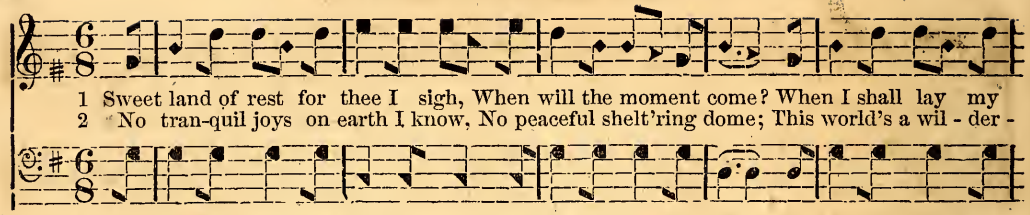


High-er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!"

High-er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!".

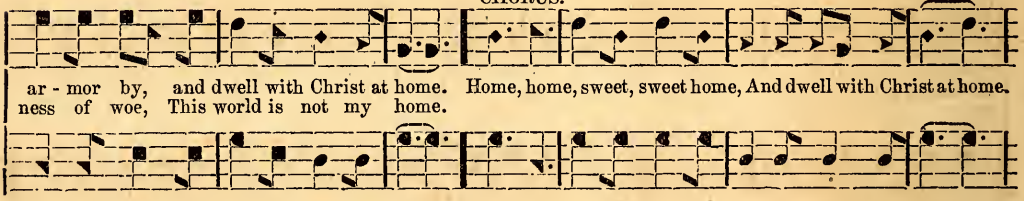


LAND OF REST. C. M.

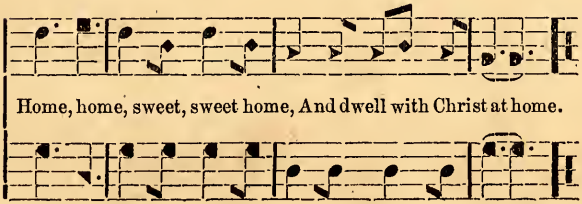


1 Sweet land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come? When I shall lay my
2 No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome; This world's a wil - der -
3 To Je-sus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam, But fly for suc - cor

CHORUS.



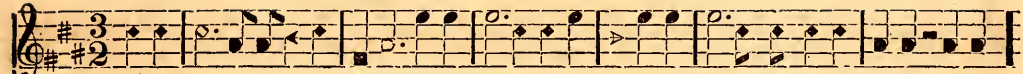
ar - mor by, and dwell with Christ at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home.
ness of woe, This world is not my home.
to his breast, And he'd con-duct me home.



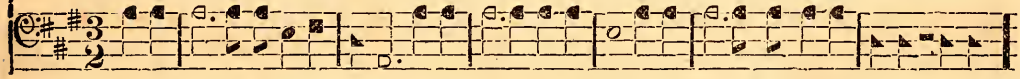
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home.

4 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread Death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

5 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

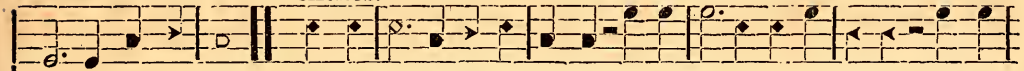


1 We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide ; We are out on the ocean sailing To a
2 Mil-lions now are safely landed Over on the golden shore ; Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's



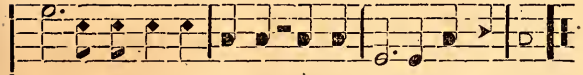
3 Come on board and ship for glory, Be in haste make up your mind ! For our vessel's weighing anchor, You will
4 You have kindred over yonder, On that bright and happy shore ; By and by we'll swell the number, When the

CHORUS.

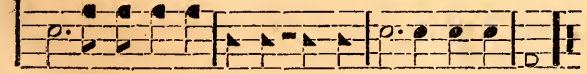


home be-yond the tide. All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll anchor in the har-bor ; We are
room for mil-lions more.

soon be left be - hind.
toils of life are o'er.



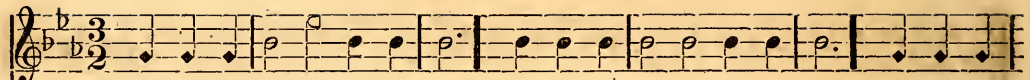
out on the o - cean sail-ing, To a home beyond the tide.



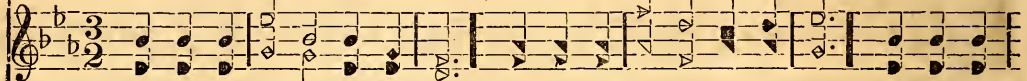
5 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes,
Gently waft our vessel on ;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.

6 When we all are safely anchored
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And will sing forevermore.

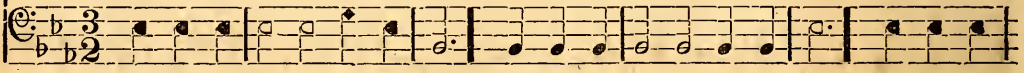
REST. L. M.



1 A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and

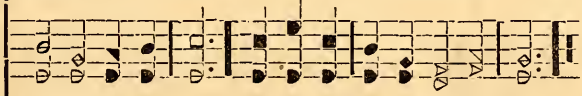


2 A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose wak-ing is su-preme-ly blest: No fear, no



3 A-sleep in Je-sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be! Se-cure - ly

undisturbed repose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.



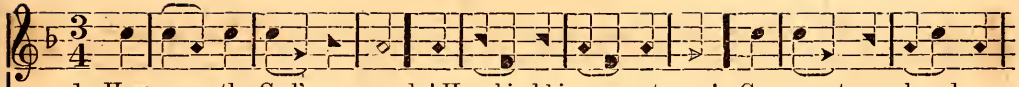
woe shall dim that hour, That manifests the Savior's power.

shall my ash-es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

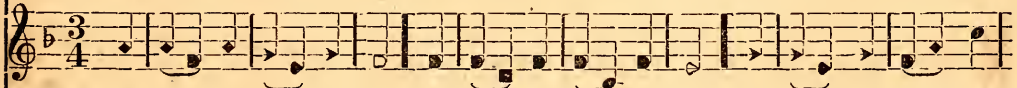
1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er!
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

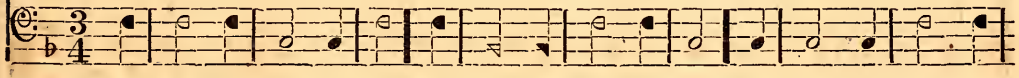
3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

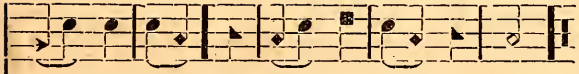


1 How gen - tle God's commands ! How kind his pre-cepts are ! Come, cast your bur-dens

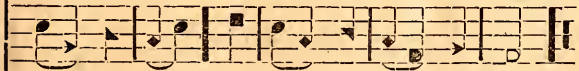


2 His boun - ty will pro-vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell ; That hand which bears cre-

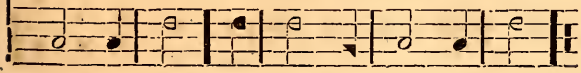




on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.



a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

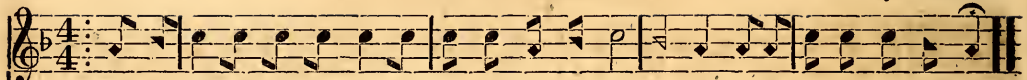


3 Why should this anxious load,
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

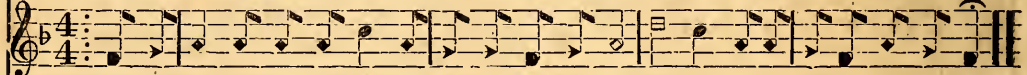
4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

DARK CLOUDS.

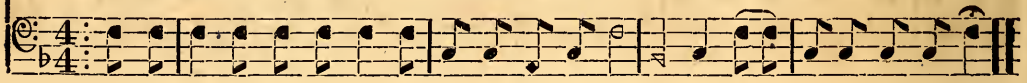
Arr. by ALDINE.



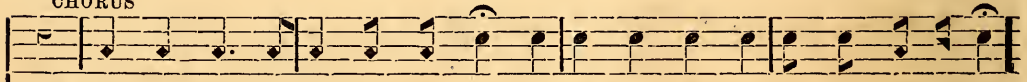
1 If the hope that we cherish may quell our many fears, We must still taste sorrow's bitter store :
On the pathway we trav - el will fall un - bid-den tears, O, dark clouds quickly gather o'er.



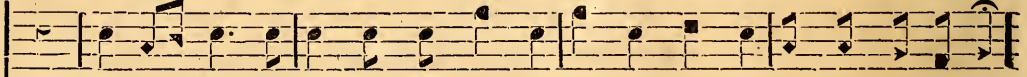
2 Scarce a day of my so-journ within this drear-y vale, May pass but a shadow's cast before ;
Our hearts may grow weary, our courage almost fail,—O, dark clouds sometimes gather o'er.



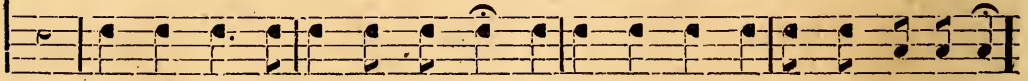
CHORUS

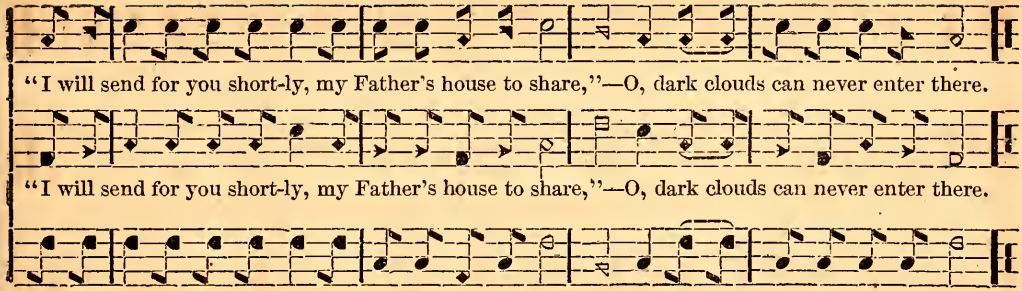


But I hear the voice of my Sa - vior, Dark clouds, dark clouds melt in lu-cid air ;



But I hear the voice of my Sa - vior, Dark clouds, dark clouds melt in lu-cid air ;





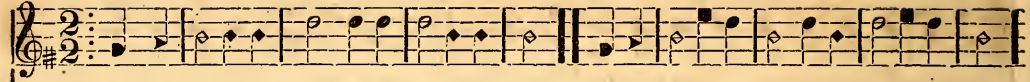
3 Dire enemies surround us
At morning noon and night,
As the lion crouches for his prey;
And when we look to Jesus,
Big tears bedim our sight,—
O, dark clouds hover o'er the way.

4 If the bliss of Christian union,
Revives the fainting heart,
While loved ones to comfort tarry near,
In vain do we linger,
The dearest friends must part,—
O, dark clouds separate us here.

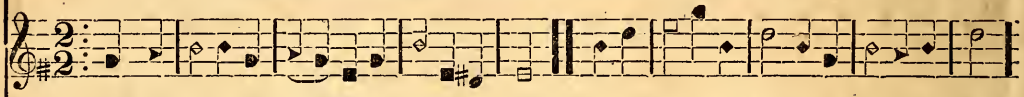
5 This life's a tiresome journey
As still from stage to stage,
We go on to future good or ill;
From the earliest hours of childhood
Even down to trembling age,—
O, dark clouds quickly gather o'er.

6 As the sunbright of a morning
May hide behind a cloud,
And bright buds of promise strew the ground—
So in place of bridal garment,
May come the snowy shroud,—
O, dark clouds quickly gather round.

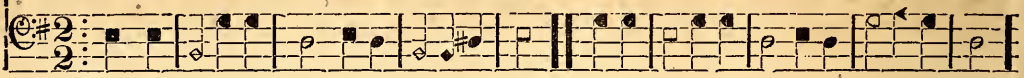
7 If the fond doting mother
Commends her infant's charms,
Too soon her rapture turns to gloom;
Like a sweet drooping flower,
It withers in her arms,—
O, dark clouds hover o'er its tomb.

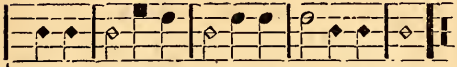


1 You may sing of the beauties of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,

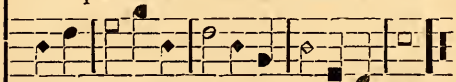


2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's soft'ning graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare,

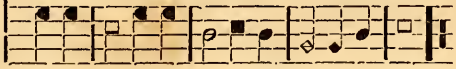




Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.



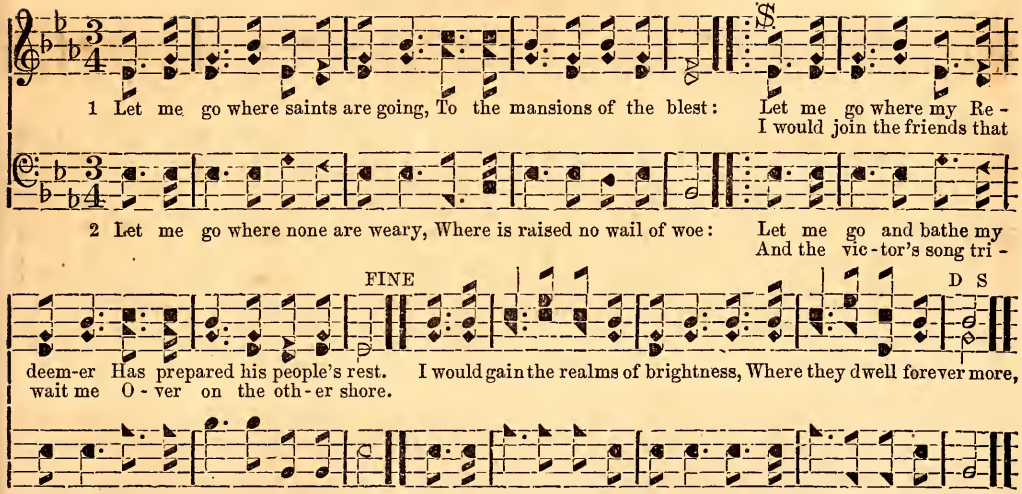
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.



3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects of fame and of wealth,
Of the hopes which so flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss,—
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail! blessed temple, abode of my Lord,
I will turn to thee often and learn from his word:
I will walk to thy altars with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.



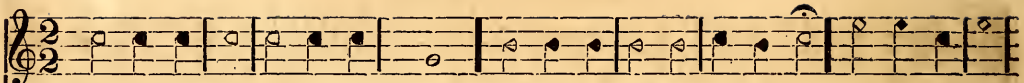
1 Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest: Let me go where my Re - deem-er Has prepared his people's rest. I would join the friends that wait me O - ver on the oth - er shore.

2 Let me go where none are weary, Where is raised no wail of woe: Let me go and bathe my spir - it In the rapt-ures angels know. And the vic - tor's song tri - umph-ant Thrills my heart, I cannot stay. I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell forever more, Let me go, for bliss e - ter-nal, Lures my soul a - way, a - way,

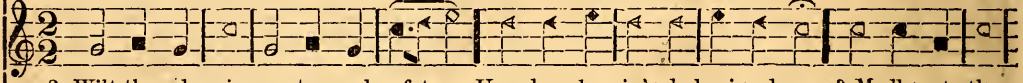
3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares, and toils, and sorrows?
What but death, and pain, and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie;
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

4 Let me go where tears and sighing,
Are forever more unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory,
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

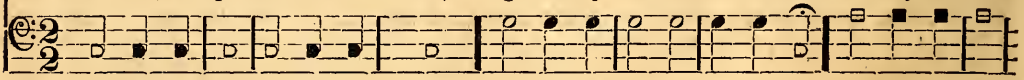
WESTON. L. M.



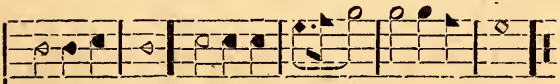
1 Sin-ner, oh why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Dar-ing to leap



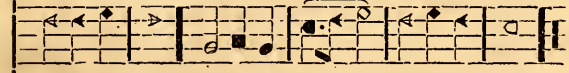
2 Wilt thou de-spise e-ter-nal fate, Urged on by sin's de-lu-sive dreams? Madly at the



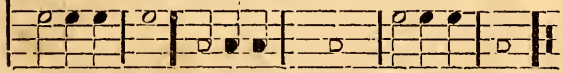
3 Stay, sin-ner, on the gos-pel plains! And hear the Lord of life un-fold The glo-ries of



to worlds unknown! Heedless against thy God to fly.



in-fernal gate, And force thy passage to the flames?

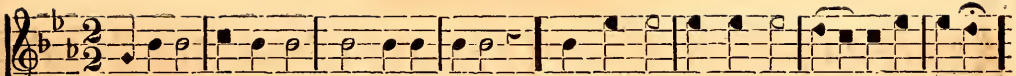


his dying pains!—Forever tell-ing, yet untold.

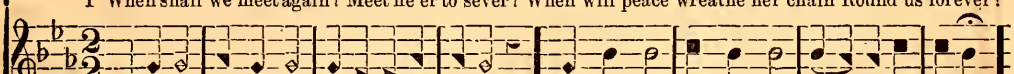
1 Come, weary souls with sins distrest;
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt a painful load;
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

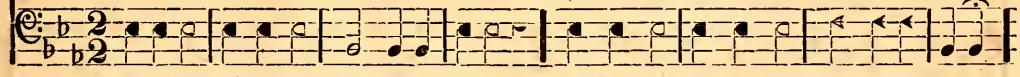
3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace.



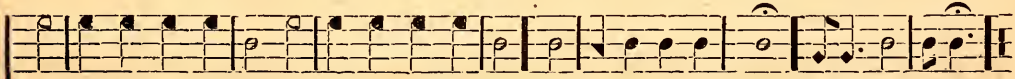
1 When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever?



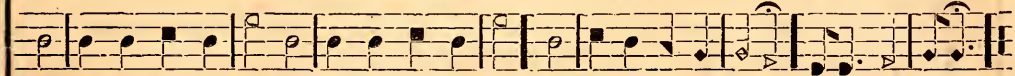
2 When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river! When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever?



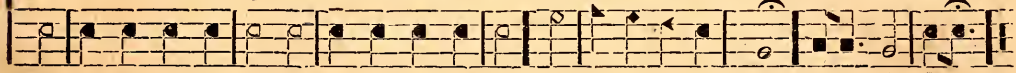
3 Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa-vior: May we all there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev-er!
4 Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sev-er; Soon will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever!



Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev-er!



Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Nev-er, no, nev-er!



Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dis - pel Nev-er, no, nev-er!
Our hearts will then re - pose, Se-cure from world-ly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev-er, no nev-er!

1 My heav'nly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home; Nor death nor sigh-ing

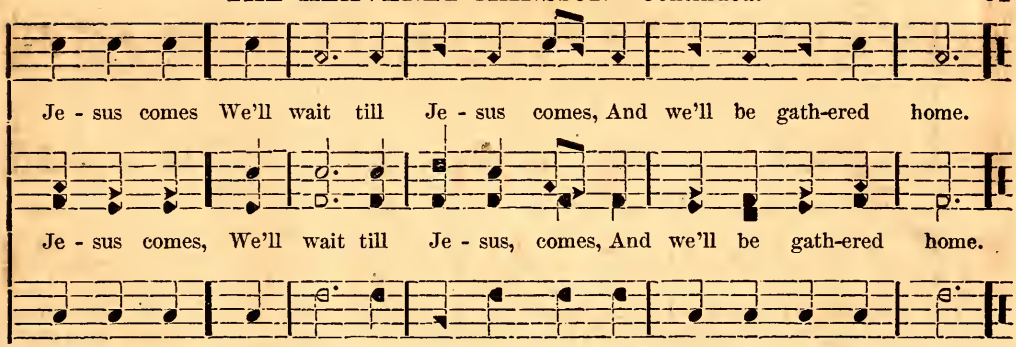
2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine, We'll be gathered home! That heavenly mansion

3 My Fa-ther's house is built on high, We'll be gathered home: A - bove the arched and
4 When from this earthly pris - on free, We'll be gathered home; That heavenly man-sion

vis - it there, We'll be gathered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till

shall be mine, We'll be gath-ered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till

star - ry sky, We'll be gath-ered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till
mine shall be, We'll be gath-ered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till



5 While here a stranger far from home,
We'll be gathered home;
Affliction's waves around me foam,
We'll be gathered home.
CHO—We'll wait, &c.

6 I envy not the rich and great,
We'll be gathered home;
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state,
We'll be gatherd home.

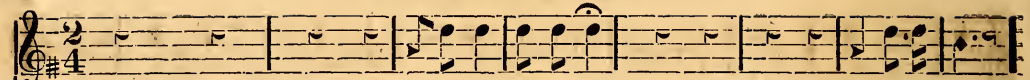
7 My Father is a richer King,
We'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion still I sing,
We'll be gathered home.

8 Let others seek a home below,
We'll be gathered home;
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow,
We'll be gathered home.
CHO.—We'll wait, &c.

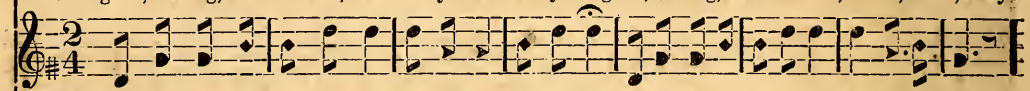
9 Be mine the happier lot to own,
We'll be gathered home;
A heavenly mansion near the throne,
We'll be gathered home.

10 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
We'll be gathered home;
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
We'll be gathered home.

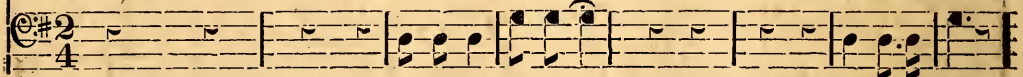
HALTING PILGRIM.



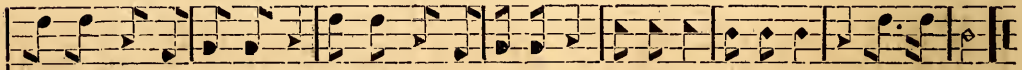
1 Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand, Haste away! haste away! Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand, Haste, haste, away!



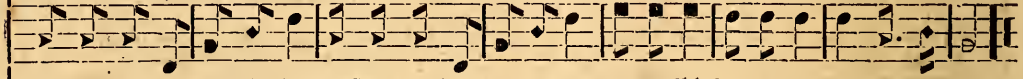
2 Tho' the way seem dark and lone, Look above, look above; Tho' the way seem dark and lone, Look, look, above!



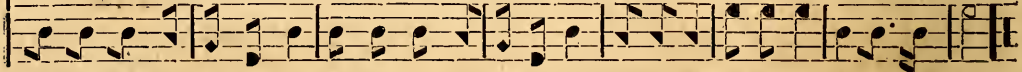
3 Pilgrim! God thy guide will be, Him o-bey, Him o-bey! Pilgrim! God thy guide will be, Him, Him, obey,
4 Hark! a voice of melody! "Pilgrim, come! pilgrim come!" Hark! a voice of melody! "Pilgrim, come home!"



E'en the path where thou dost stand, Endeth in a bet-ter land, Far a - way, far a - way, Far, far, a - way.



All is light a - round the throne—Sorrow's sighs are there unknown, All is love, all is love, All, all is love.



Trust him tho' thou canst not see, 'Tis his hand that leadeth thee, All the way, all the way, All, all the way.
'Tis thy Fa - ther calleth thee, Onward press and soon thou 'lt be, Safe at home, safe at home, Safe, safe at home.

1 Return, O wanderer—now return, And seek thy Father's face! Those new desires which in thee burn, Were

CHORUS.

kin-dled by his grace. Oh I'll not die here, No I'll not die here in a foreign land, When at home there's e-

nough and to spare, I'll a-rise and go to my Fa-ther's house, For I know there is mer-cy there.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return:
Thy Savior bids thee live;
Go to his feet and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

BILLOW.

1 Star of peace, to wand'rers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's

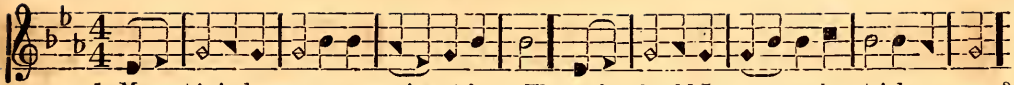
2 Star of hope, gleam on the bil-low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee! Bless the sail - or's

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the
4 Star di - vine, O safely guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to thee; Sore temp-ta - tions

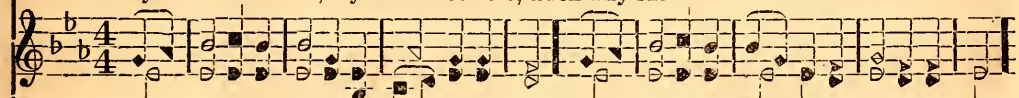
vis - ion drea-ry, Far, far at sea, Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drea-ry, Far, far at sea.

lone-ly pil-low, Far, far at sea, Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea.

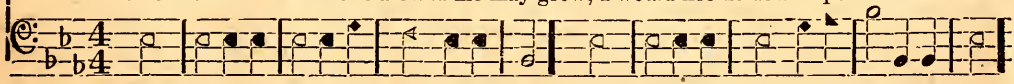
bil - lows rock-ing Far, far at sea, Save him on the bil - lows rock-ing, Far, far at sea.
long have tried him, Far, far at sea, Sore temp - ta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea.



1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials are near?

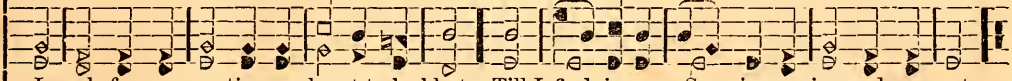


2 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow, I would not lie down upon roses be-low?

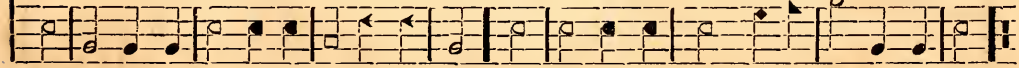


3 Afflictions may grieve me but cannot destroy, One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
4 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand, I march on in haste through an en-e-my's land;

Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that can come, But shortens my journey and hastens me home.



I ask for no por-tion, seek not to be blest, Till I find in my Sa-vior my joy and my rest.



And bit-ter-est tears if he smile but on them, Like dew in the sunshine grow diamond and gem.
The road may be rough but it cannot be long; I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

GLEN.

Arr. by ALDINE.

1 Am I a sol-dier of the cross, of the cross, Am I a sol-dier of the cross, of the

2 And shall I fear to own his cause, own his cause, And shall I fear to own his cause, own his

3 Must I be car-ried to the skies, to the skies, Must I be car-ried to the skies, to the

4 While others fought to win the prize, win the prize, While others fought to win the prize, win the

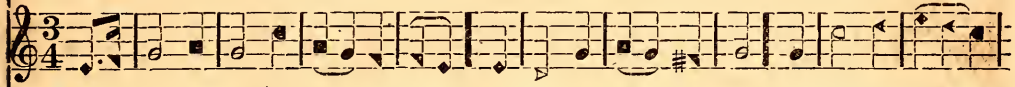
cross, Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?

cause, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

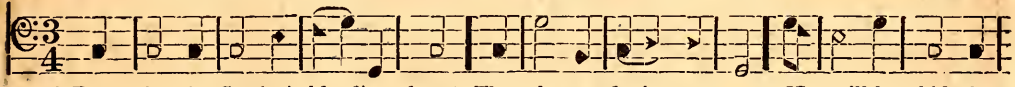
skies, Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow - ery beds of ease?

prize, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood-y seas.

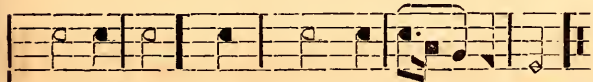
1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Be-hold the roy - al feast, Where mercy spreads her



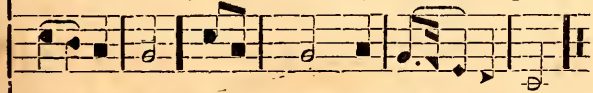
2 See Je - sus stands with o-pen arms, He calls, he bids you come; Guilt holds you back and



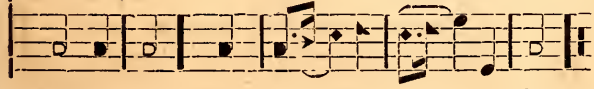
3 Room in the Sav-ior's bleeding heart, There love and pi - ty meet; Nor will he bid the



bounteous store, For eve - ry hum - ble guest.



fear a - larms; But see, there yet is room.



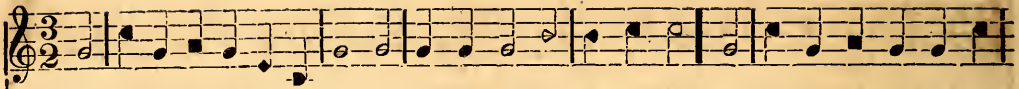
soul de - part That trem-bles at his feet.

4 O come, and with his children taste,
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

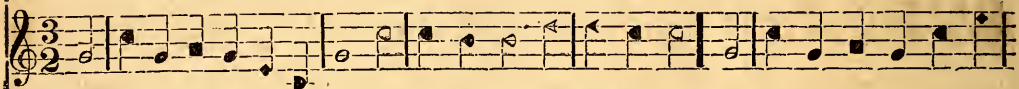
5 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Aproach there yet is room.

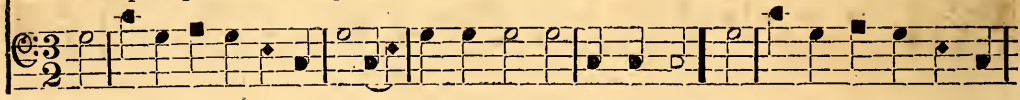
ZELEK. L. M.

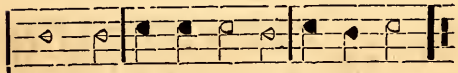


1 When thickly beat the storms of life, And heavy is the chast'ning rod, The soul beyond the waves of

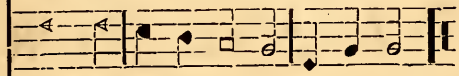


2 When hope dispels the spirit's gloom, When sinking 'neath affliction's shock, Faith thro' the vista of the

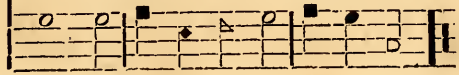




strife, Views the e-ter-nal Rock, her God.

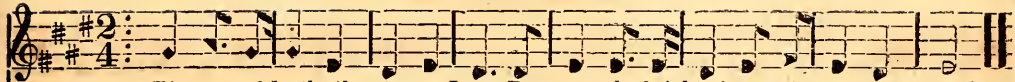


tomb, Points to the ev-er-last-ing Rock.

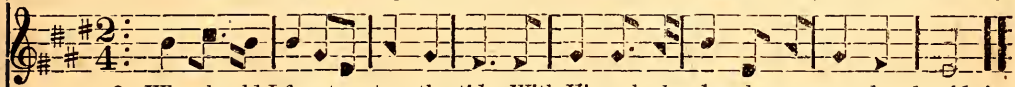


3 Is there a man who cannot see
That joy and grief are from above?
O, let him humbly bend the knee,
And own his Father's chast'ning love.

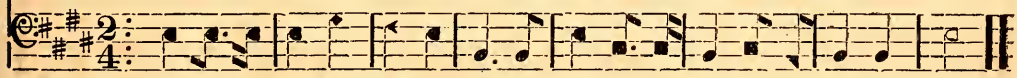
4 Hope, Grace, and Truth with gentle hand,
Shall lead a bleeding Savior's flock,
And show them in the promised land.
The shelter of th' eternal Rock.



1 Riv-er of death, thy stream I see, Be-tween the bright cit-y of rest and me!
Fearless thy sa-ble surge I'll brave, For sweet is the prospect be-yond the wave.



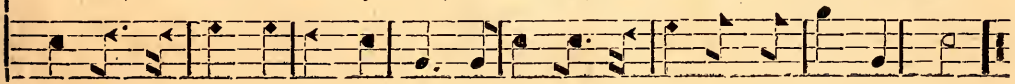
2 Why should I fear to stem thy tide, With Him who has loved me as guard and guide!
Wisdom and pow'r control thy flood, While faith says my passage was paid with blood.



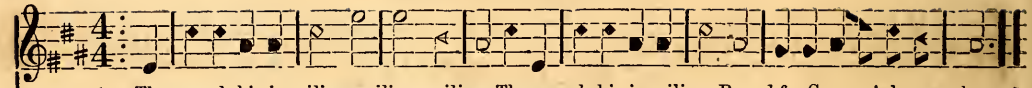
3 What is it gilds thy darksome foam? 'Tis light shining forth from my happy home,
Mu-sic that thrills my soul to hear, Seems floating me o-ver thy sur-face drear.

Waft me, O waft me safe-ly o'er, And land me, dear Sa-vior, on Ca-naan's shore.

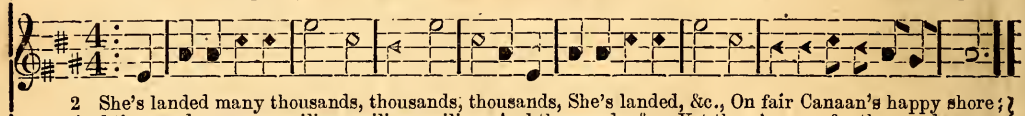
Waft me, O waft me safe-ly o'er, And land me, dear Sa-vior, on Ca-naan's shore.



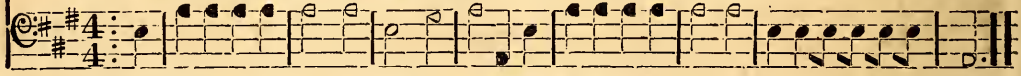
THE GOSPEL SHIP.



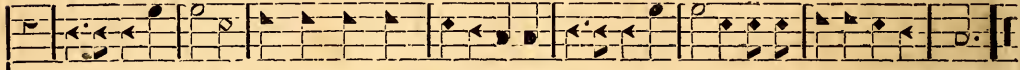
1 The gospel ship is sailing, sailing, sailing, The gospel ship is sailing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore;
All who would ship for glory, glory, glory, All who would ship for glory, Come, and welcome, rich and poor.



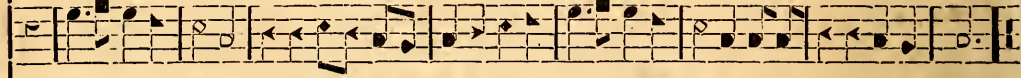
2 She's landed many thousands, thousands, thousands, She's landed, &c., On fair Canaan's happy shore;
And thousands now are sailing, sailing, sailing, And thousands, &c., Yet there's room for thousands more.



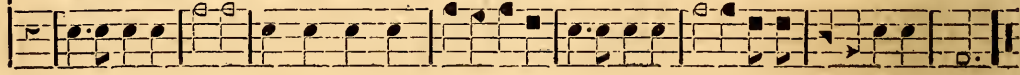
3 Take passage now for glory, glory, glory, Take passage now for glory, Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
With us you shall be happy, happy, happy, With us you shall be happy, Happy through eterni-ty.



Glo-ry, halle - lu-jah! All on board are sweetly singing, Glory, halle - lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah to the Lamb.



Glo-ry, halle - lu-jah! All on board are sweetly singing, Glory, halle - lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah to the Lamb.

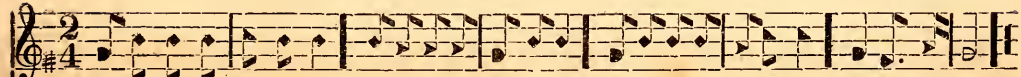


PART II.

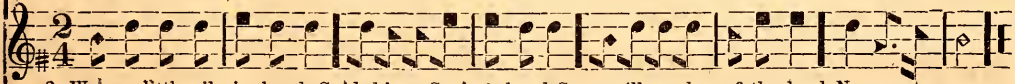
Sabbath School Department.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM BAND.

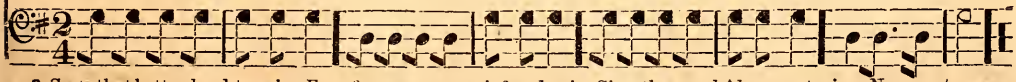
Words and Music by A. S. KIEFFER.



1 We're a little pilgrim band, Roaming thro' a stranger land, Soon on Canaan's shore to stand, No more to roam.

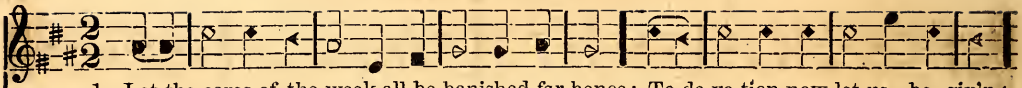


2 We're a little pilgrim band, Guided by a Savior's hand, Soon we'll reach our fatherland, No more to roam.

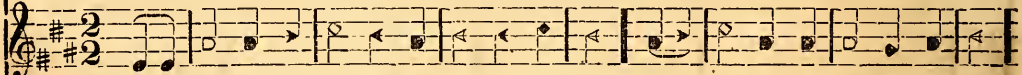


3 Soon that better land to gain, Free from sorrow, grief and pain, Sing the angels' happy strain—No more to roam.
4 There with Christ to live and reign, Nevermore to part again; Sing the Lamb that once was slain, No more to roam.
5 Ch. Harp.

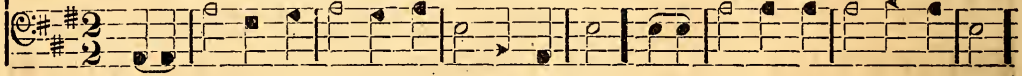
VERNON.



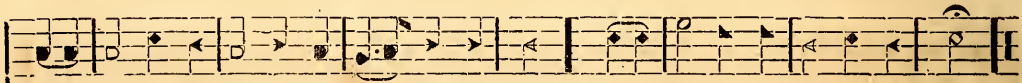
1 Let the cares of the week all be banished far hence; To de-vo-tion now let us be giv'n:



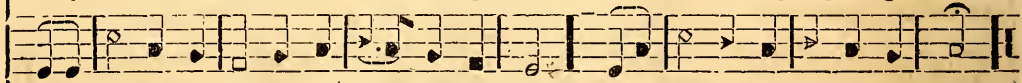
2 Let us search well the bosom, if aught can found To hin-der the growth of the seed;



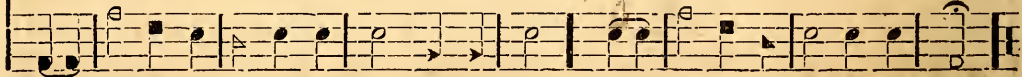
3 And oh, that a dew from the Lord may descend, To rest in a-bun-dance on all;
4 And may the Re-deem-er his pres-ence be - stow, De-light-ing each heart with his love;



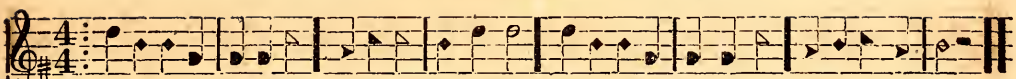
May our Sab-bath-school duties this morning commence, And our souls be pre - par-ing for heav'n.



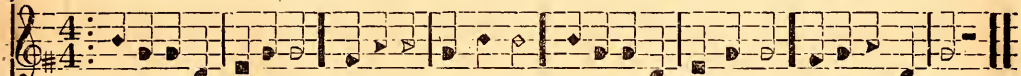
And earn-est - ly pray God would clear from the ground, Each rank and in - ju - ri - ous weed.



For with-out it no blessing the word will at - tend, Though preached by A-pol-los or Paul.
And give us to taste, in his dwell - ing be - low, The joys of his tem - ple a - bove.



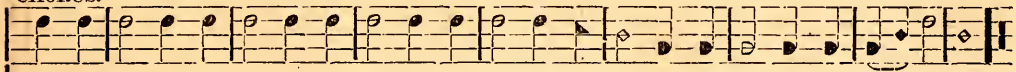
1 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell In the light, In the light, Seeming much of joy to tell, In the light of God:
But a sweeter music far, In the light, In the light, Breathes where angels spirits are, In the light of God.



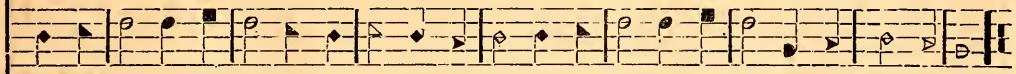
2 Shall we ever rise to dwell, In the light, In the light, Where immortal praises swell, In the light of God?
And can children ever go, In the light, In the light, Where enternal Sabbaths glow, In the light of God?

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be, In the light, In the light, All the good shall Jesus see, In the light of God:
For the good a rest remains, In the light, In the light, Where the glorious Savior reigns, In the light of God.

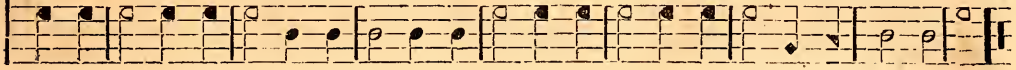
CHORUS.



Let us walk in the light, In the light, In the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.



Let us walk in the light, In the light, In the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.



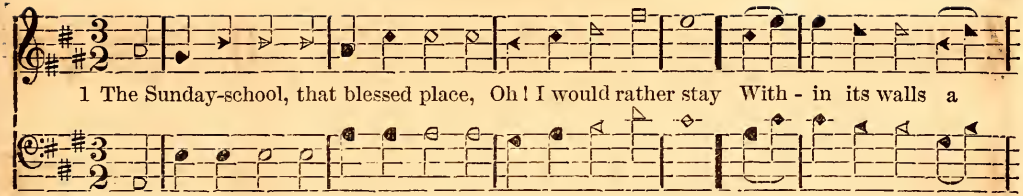
1 A-round the throne of God in heaven, Ten thousand children stand,
Whose sins are all thro' Christ forgiv'n A ho - ly, hap-py band; } Sing-ing glo-ry,

2 What brought them to that world above, That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love? How came those children there! } Sing-ing glo-ry,

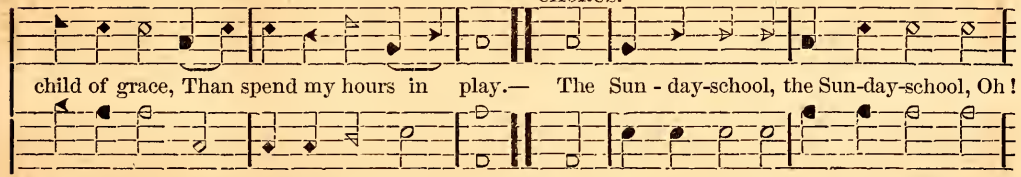
3 Be-cause the Sa-vior shed his blood To wash a-way their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood, Behold them white and clean. } Sing-ing glo-ry,

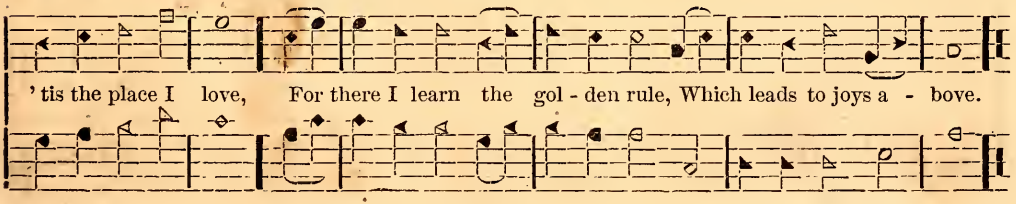
glo - ry, glo - ry, glo-ry, glo - ry, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

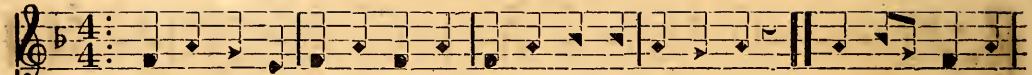
glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, to the Lamb.


1 The Sunday-school, that blessed place, Oh! I would rather stay With - in its walls a
2 'Tis there I learn that Je-sus died For sinners, such as I: O what has all the
3 And wel-come then the Sunday-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray, That we may keep the

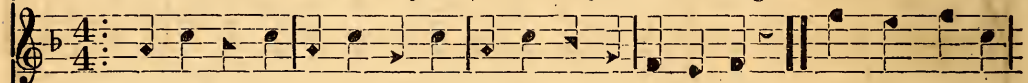
CHORUS.


child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.— The Sun - day-school, the Sun-day-school, Oh!
world beside, That I should prize so high.
gol - den rule, And nev - er from it stray.

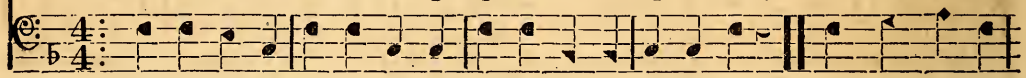

'tis the place I love, For there I learn the gol - den rule, Which leads to joys a - bove.



1 Now we raise our in-fant voices, We would too the strain pro-long—
While both heaven and earth rejoices; Hal-le-lu - jah is our song! } Hal - le - lu - jah!

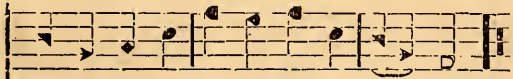


2 Lo! the heavens above are bending—Jesus hears the voice of praise,
From our infant choirs as-cend-ing, Higher now our songs we raise; } Hal - le - lu - jah!

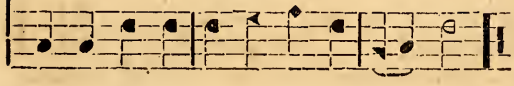


3 Once did in-fants prove thy fa-vor, And were in thy arms entwined;
Oh, thou kind, indul-gent Sa-vior! Great Redeemer of man-kind. } Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le-lu - jah! A - men.

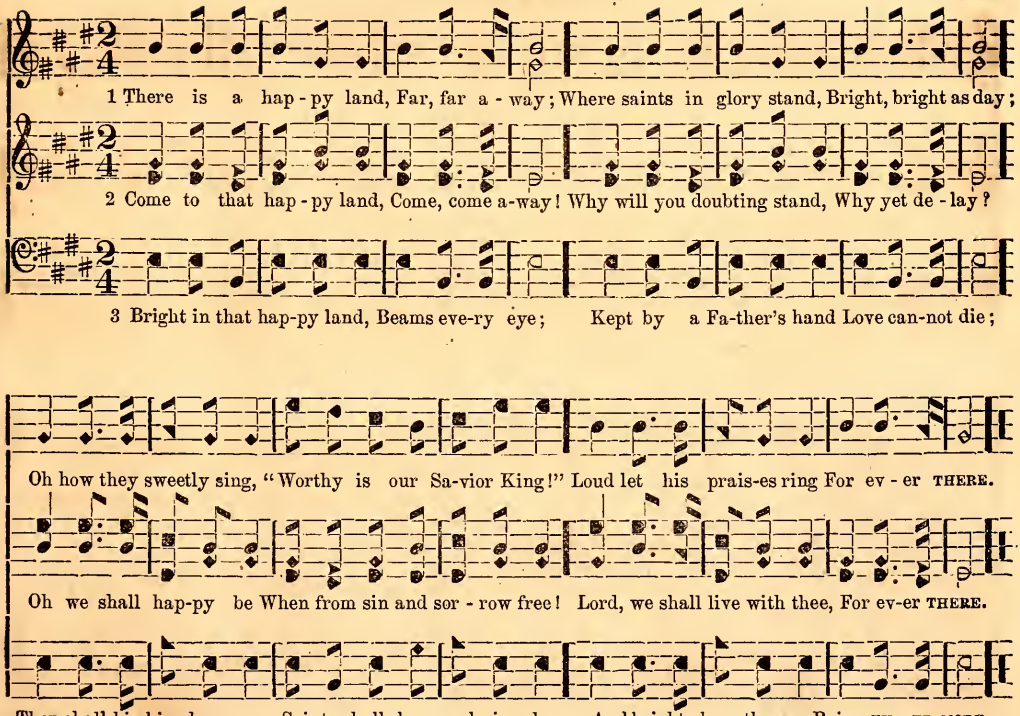


Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men.

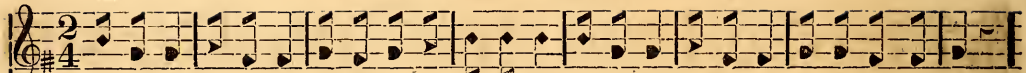


4 We unto thy arms are pressing—
We in thy embrace would rest;
Now pronounce on us thy blessing—
Bless us and we shall be blest.

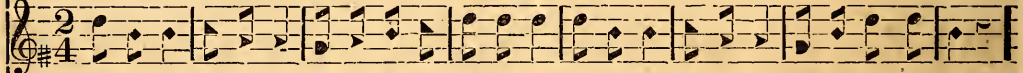
5 On we tread life's pathway, fearless,
If thou but our steps attend;
How can life to us be cheerless,
Jesus, if thou art our friend?


1 There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way; Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;
2 Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a-way! Why will you doubting stand, Why yet de - lay?
3 Bright in that hap-py land, Beams eve-ry eye; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand Love can-not die;
Oh how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Sa-vior King!" Loud let his prais-es ring For ev - er THERE.
Oh we shall hap-py be When from sin and sor - row free! Lord, we shall live with thee, For ev-er THERE.
Then shall his kingdom come, Saints shall share a glorious home; And bright above the sun Reign EV - ER-MORE.

SWEETLY SING.

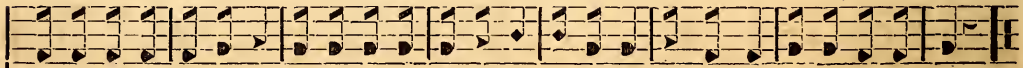


1 Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our God and King; Let us raise, let us raise, High our notes of praise;



2 Angels bright, angels bright, Rob'd in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his praise, In melodious lays,

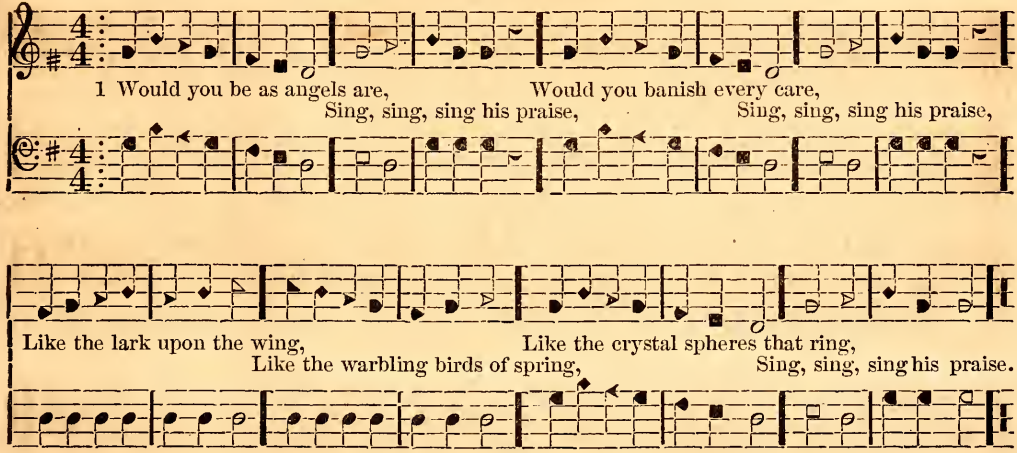
3 Far a-way, Far a-way, We in sin's dark val-ley lay; Je-sus came, Jesus came, Bless-ed be his name.
4 Now we know, now we know, We from earth must shortly go; Soon the call, soon the call, Comes to one and all!



Praise to him whose name is Love, Praise to him who reigns above; ‖:Raise your songs, ‖ Now with thankful tongues.

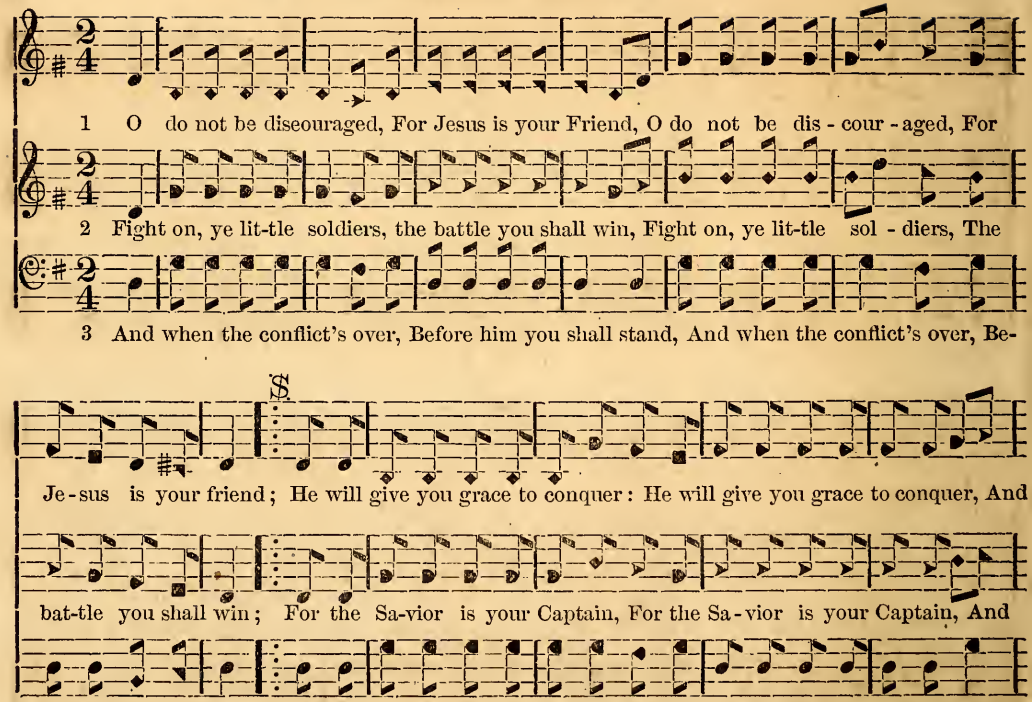
But from that bright happy throng, Ne'er can come this sweetest song, ‖"Redeeming love,"‖ Brought us here above.

He redeemed us by his grace, Then prepared in heaven a place, To receive, to receive, All who will be - lieve.
Savior, when our time shall come, Take us to our heavenly home, There we'll raise notes of praise, Thro' unending days.



2 If the world upon you frown,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
If you're left to sing alone,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

3 For his wondrous, dying love
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
That he intercedes above,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
Thus when'er you come to die,
You shall soar beyond the sky,
And with angel choirs on high,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.


1 O do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your Friend, O do not be dis - cour - aged, For
2 Fight on, ye lit-tle soldiers, the battle you shall win, Fight on, ye lit-tle sol - diers, The
3 And when the conflict's over, Before him you shall stand, And when the conflict's over, Be-
Je-sus is your friend; He will give you grace to conquer: He will give you grace to conquer, And
bat-tle you shall win; For the Sa-vior is your Captain, For the Sa-vior is your Captain, And
fore him you shall stand; You shall sing his praise forever, You shall sing his praise forev-er, In

FINE CHORUS

keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this ar - my, Yes I'm glad I'm in this

he hath vanquished sin. I am glad I'm in this ar - my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this

Ca-naan's happy land.

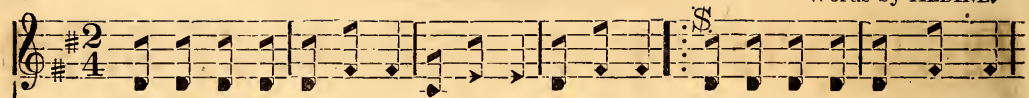
Repeat from $ to FINE

ar - my, Yes I'm glad I'm in this ar - my, And I'll bat - tle for the school:

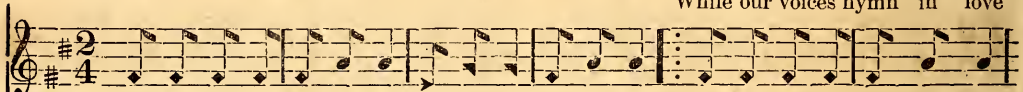
ar - my, Yes I'm glad I'm in this ar - my, And I'll bat - tle for the school:

SABBATH DAWN.

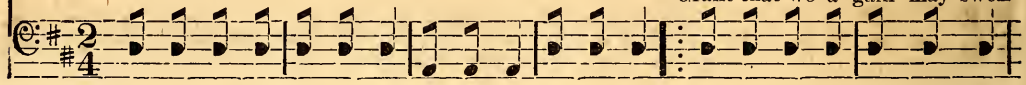
Words by ALDINE.



1 Now the Sabbath morning dawns, Bright and fair, bright and fair, Let us to the Sabbath-school
While our voices hymn in love

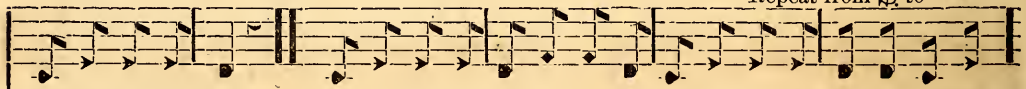


3 God of mer-cy, God of love, Let thy smile, let thy smile, Rest on us who praise thy name,
Grant that we a-gain may swell

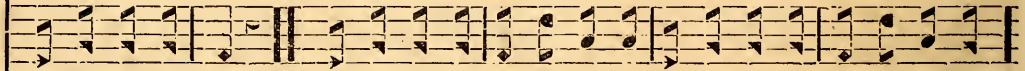


FINE

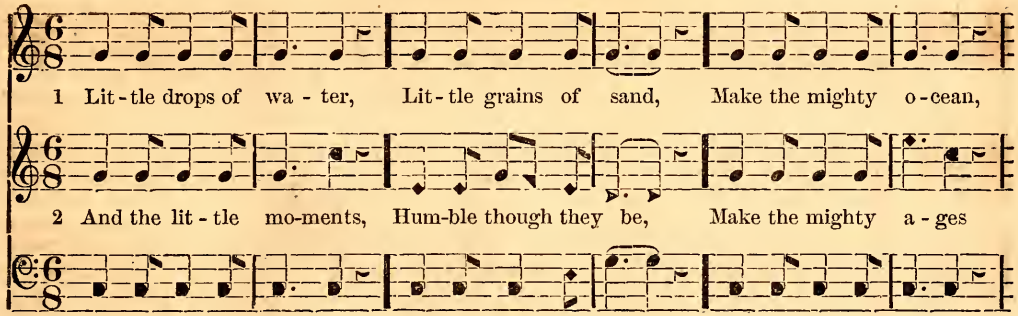
Repeat from $ to FINE.

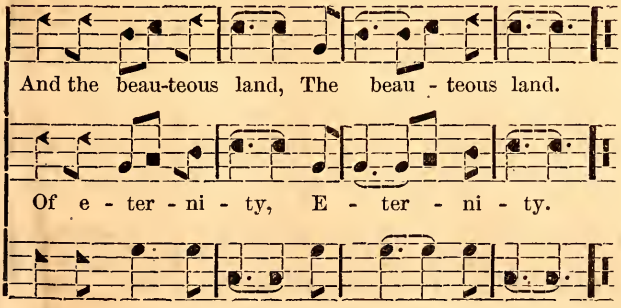


Now with haste repair: For no thought of care or sadness, Mingles with our songs of gladness,
Notes of praise and prayer.



Gent-ly all the while. And when Sabbath days have ended, And our hearts with dust have blended,
Notes of praise in heaven.





3 So our little errors,
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray, In sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above, The, &c.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands, In, &c.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

1 Shall we gath-er at the river Where bright angel feet have trod; With its crystal waters

2 Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we every burden down; Grace our spirits will de-

3 On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship

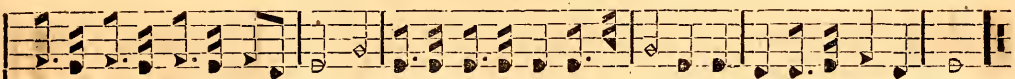
4 Soon we'll reach the shining river, Then our pilgrimage will cease; Then our happy hearts will

CHOUUS

ev-er Flowing from the throne of God? Yes, we will gath-er at the riv-er, The

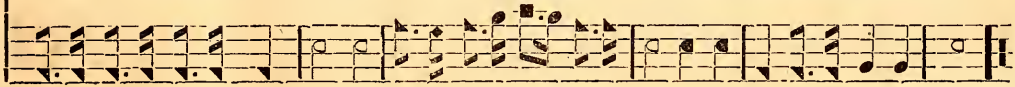
liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown. Yes, we will gath-er at the riv-er, The

ev-er, All the hap-py, gol-den day. Yes, we will, &c.
quiv-er, With the mel-o-dy of peace.

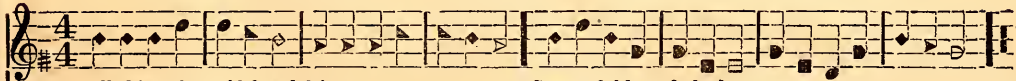


beautiful, the beautiful river—Gather with the saints at the river, That flows from the throne of God.

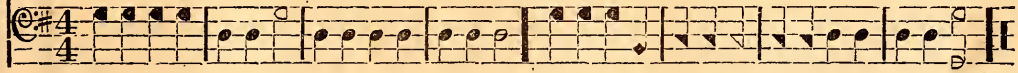
beautiful, the beautiful river—Gather with the saints at the river, That flows from the throne of God.



ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL AND FAIR. 7s.



1 All things beautiful and fair,
Earth and sky and balmy air,
Sunny fields and shady grove
Gently whisper, "God is love."

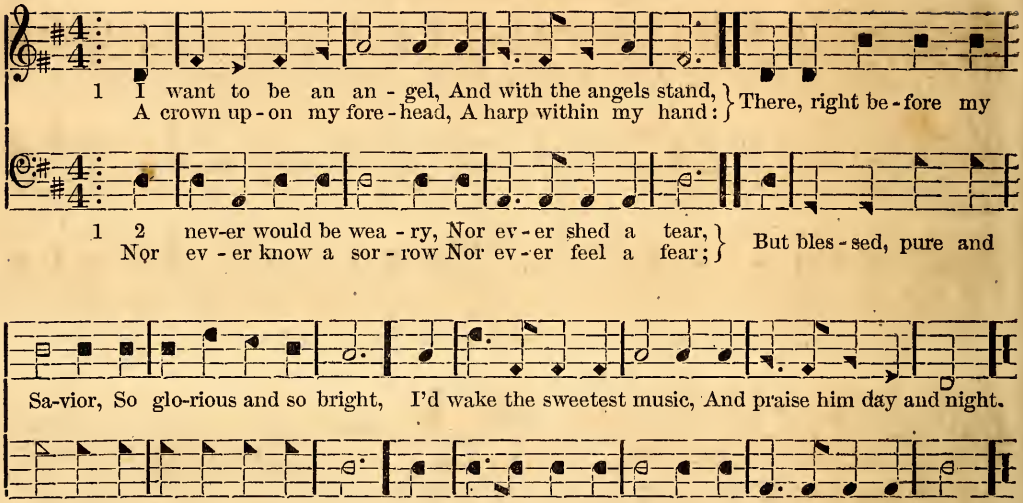


2 Every tree and flower we pass,
Every tuft of waving grass,
Every leaf and opening bud,
Seem to tell us "God is good."

3 Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,
Shadowing forth the clouds above,
Softly murmur, "God is love."

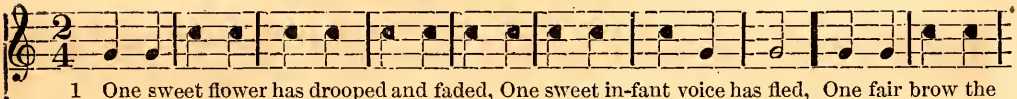
4 He who dwelleth high in heav'n
Unto us all things hath giv'n,—
Let us as through life we move,
Ever feel that "God is love."

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

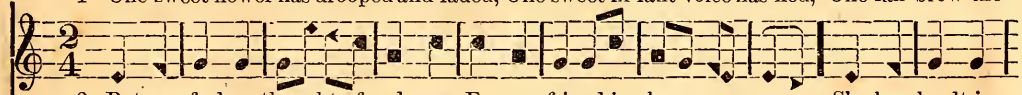


3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Savior, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O! send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky.

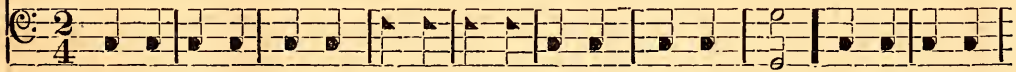
4 Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heav'nly music,
And praise him day and night.



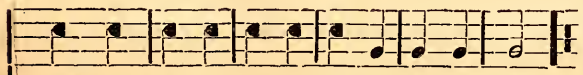
1 One sweet flower has drooped and faded, One sweet in-fant voice has fled, One fair brow the



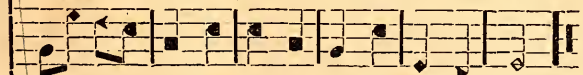
2 But we feel no thought of sad-ness, For our friend is hap - py now; She has knelt in



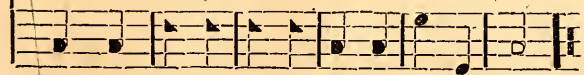
3 She has gone to heav'n be - fore us, But she turns and waves her hand, Pointing to the



grave has shad-ed, One dear schoolmate now is dead.



soul - felt glad-ness, Where the blessed angels bow.

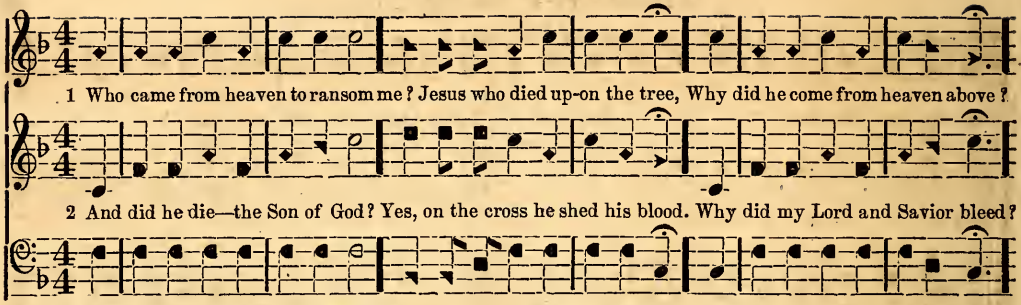


glo - ries o'er us, In that hap-py spir - it land.

4 May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod:
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.

5 Lord, may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free—
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like her, we go to Thee.

OH, WHO'S LIKE JESUS?

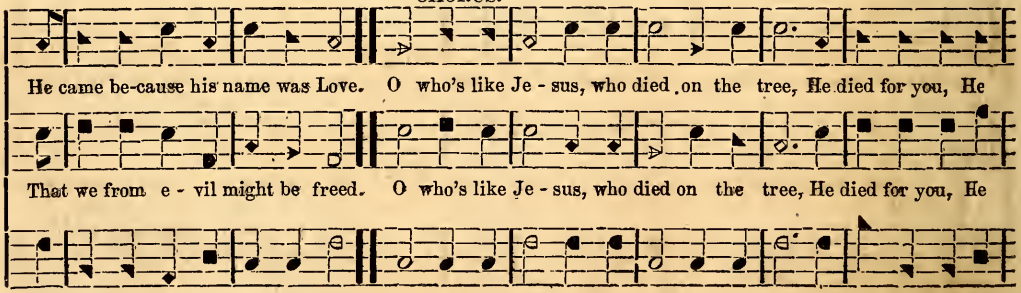


1 Who came from heaven to ransom me? Jesus who died up-on the tree, Why did he come from heaven above?

2 And did he die—the Son of God? Yes, on the cross he shed his blood. Why did my Lord and Savior bleed?

3 When he had died, what happened then? On the third day he rose again. Where did he go when he had risen?
4 Where is he now? is he still there? Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer. What does he pray for, and for whom?

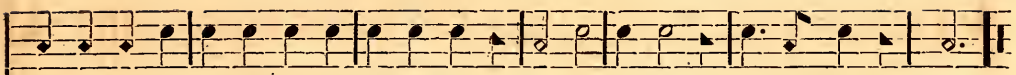
CHORUS.



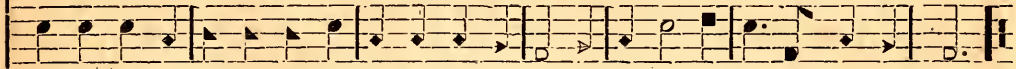
He came be-cause his name was Love. O who's like Je - sus, who died on the tree, He died for you, He

That we from e - vil might be freed. O who's like Je - sus, who died on the tree, He died for you, He

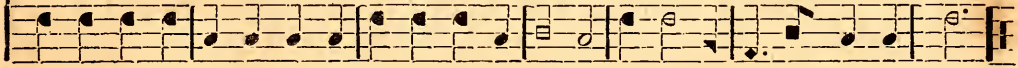
He went to God's right hand in heaven.
He prays that we to Him might come.



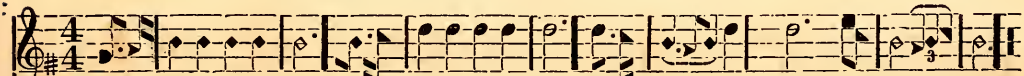
died for me, He died to set poor sin-ners free, O, who's like Jesus, who died up - on the tree?



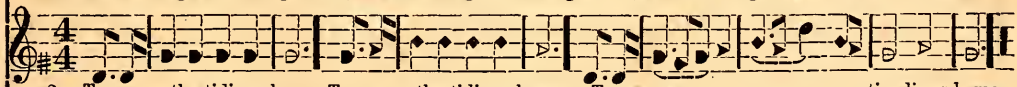
died for me, He died to set poor sin - ners free, O, who's like Jesus, who died up-on the tree?



THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING.



1 There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels, angels hov'ring round.



2 To car-ry the tidings home, To car-ry the tidings home, To car - ry, car - ry ti - dings home.
3 To the New Je-ru-sa - lem, To the New Je-ru-sa - lem, To the New, the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners, poor sinners are coming home.
3 And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus bids them come, And Je - sus, Je - sus bids them come.
6 There's glo-ry all around, There's glo-ry all a-round, There's glo-ry, glo - ry all a - round.

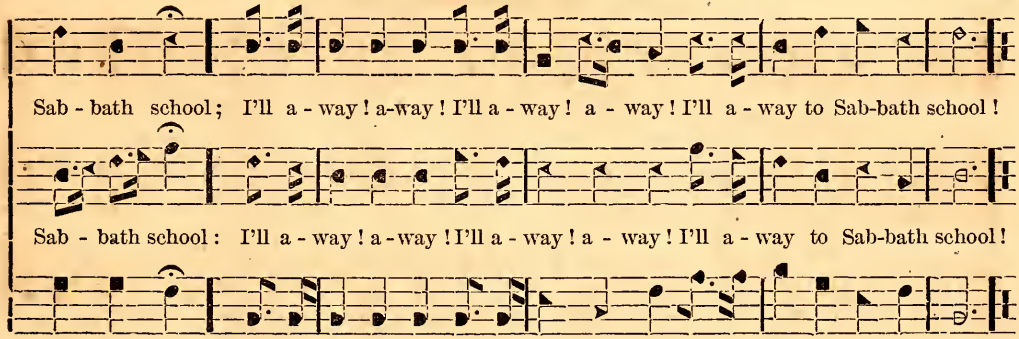
WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT.

1 When the morning light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a - way to Sabbath school! } For 'tis

2 On the fros-ty dawn of a winter's morn, When the earth is wrapp'd in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees, To the Sabbath school I'll go; } When the

there we all a - gree, All with hap-py hearts and free, And I love to ear - ly be At the

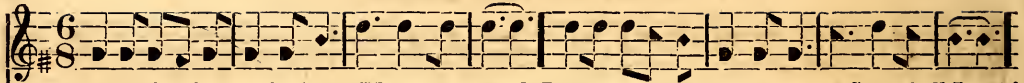
ho - ly day has come, And the Sab-bath-break-ers roam, I de-light to leave my home, For the



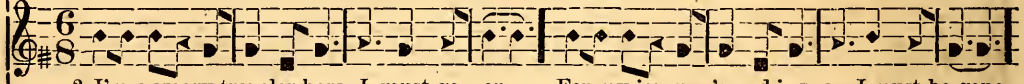
3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there:
In the Book of Holy Truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath School:
I'll away! away! I'll away! away!
I'll away to Sabbath School!

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath School:
I'll away! away! I'll away! away!
I'll away to Sabbath School.

LONELY TRAVELER.



1 I'm a lonely traveler here, Weary oppressed, But my journey's end is near—Soon shall I rest!



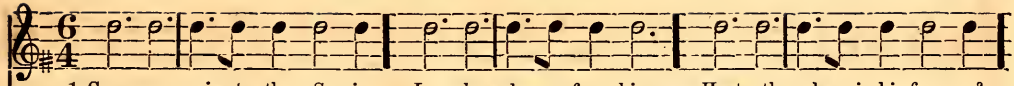
2 I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near, I must be gone.

3 I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair, Where is seen no broken band—All, all are there.
4 I'm a traveler—call me not—Upward my way: Yonder is my rest and lot; I can-not stay.

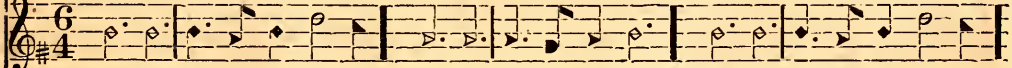
Dark and dreary is the way, Toiling I've come, Ask me not with you to stay, Yonder's my home.

Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away; Pleasures that for-ev-er live—I can-not stay.

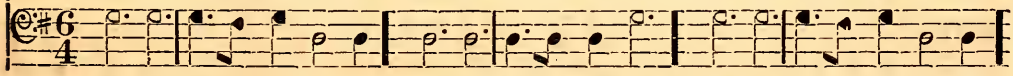
Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor heart be sad: Where the glory is for all And all are glad.
Farewell, earthly pleasures, all, Pilgrim I'll roam; Hail me not—in vain you call, Yonder's my home.



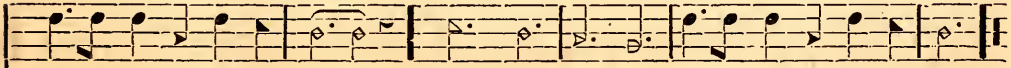
1 Come, come, sing to the Sa-vior, Love, love, beams from his eyes; Haste, then share in his fa - vor?



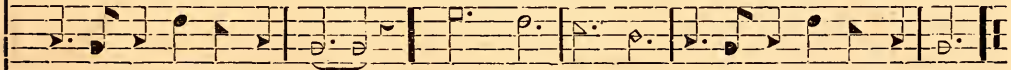
2 Praise, praise, yield him with gladness, Earth, earth, banish thy gloom; Where, death, where is thy sadness?



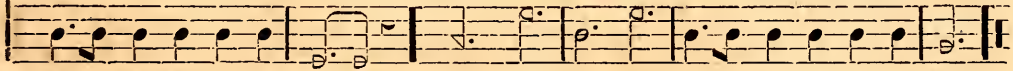
3 Rise, rise, free from thy mourning, Light, light spreads from the sky, See, see, bright the day dawn-ing,
4 Hail, hail, children, a - dore him, Here, here an-thems should ring, There, there, dwelling before him,



Wor - ship the Sa - vior on high, Praise, praise, praise, praise, Worship the Sa-vior on high.



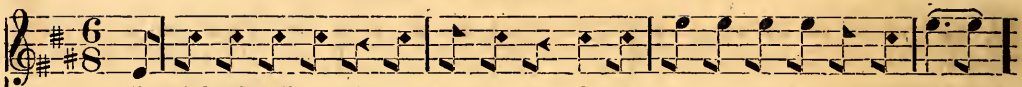
Je - sus re-turns from the tomb, See, see, see, see, Je - sus re-turns from the tomb.



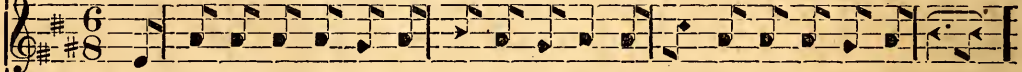
Je - sus is ris - en on high: See, see, see, see, Je - sus is ris - en on high.
Loudest ho - san-nas we'll sing; Hail, hail, hail, hail, Loudest ho - san - nas we'll sing.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

Arr. by ALDINE.

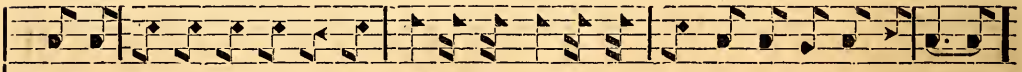


1 I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Jesus was here a - mong men;



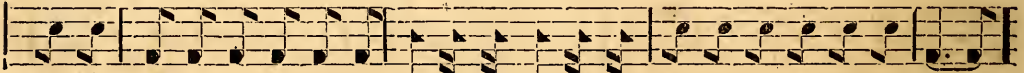
2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me,

3 Yet still to his foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of his love,
4 But thousands of thousands who wander and fall, Never heard of that heavenly home,—



How he called lit - tle chil-dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un - to me."



And if I now ear-nest-ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.
I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.

I should like to have been with them then, I should like to have been with them then, How he

"Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me, Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me," And that

I shall see him and hear him a - bove, I shall see him and hear him a - bove, And
And that Je - sus has bid them to come, And that Je - sus has bid them to come, I should

call'd lit - tle chil - dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit-tle ones comes un-to me."

if I now earn-est - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - - bove.
like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je-sus has bid them to come.

WHO SHALL SING IF NOT THE CHILDREN.

FINE

1 Who shall sing if not the chil-dren? Did not Je-sus die for them?
May they not with oth-er jew-els, Spar-kle in his di-a-dem?
D. C. Why, unless the song of heav-en They be-gin to prac-tice here?

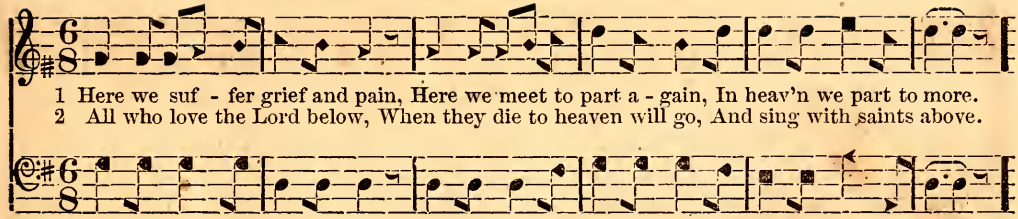
D. C.

Why to them were voic-es giv-en— Bird-like voic-es sweet and clear?

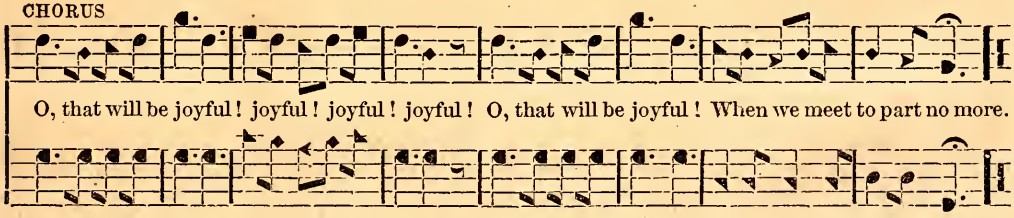
D. C.

2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed round the Savior's throne,
Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
O! 'tis sweeter than their own;
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned:
Is not this the same perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned.

3 Jesus when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love,
And will he to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh? they cannot sing too early;
Fathers, stand not in their way?
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me then why should not they?



CHORUS



3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord in prayer,
From every Sunday school:
O, that will be joyful! &c.

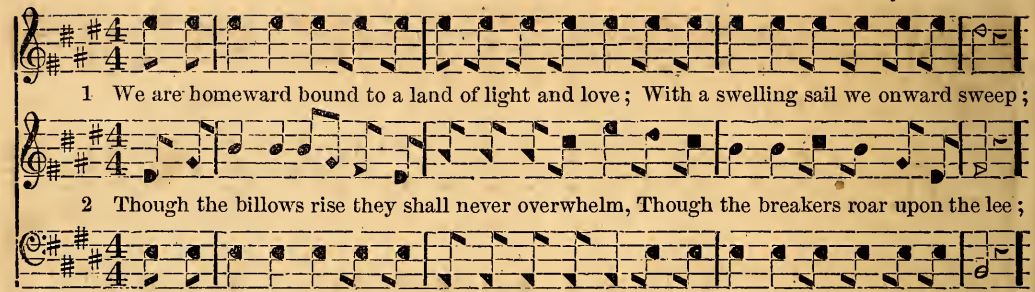
4 Teachers, too, will meet above,
And our pastors whom we love
Shall meet to part no more:
O, that will be joyful! &c.

5 O! how happy shall we be!
For our Savior we shall see,
Exalted on his throne,
O, that will be joyful! &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord:
O, that will be joyful! &c.

THE GOOD SHIP ZION.

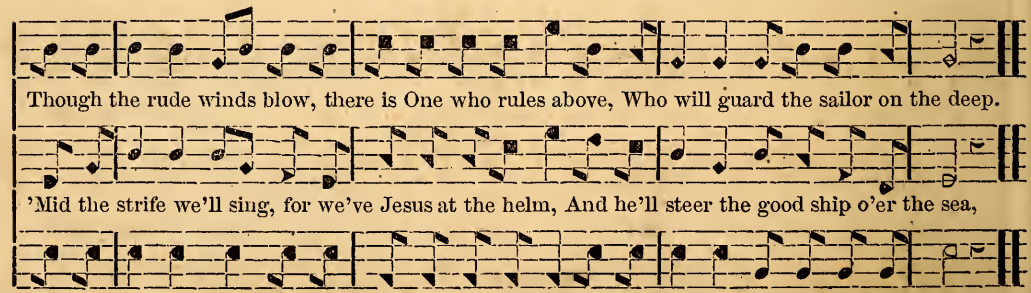
Arr. by ALDINE.



1 We are homeward bound to a land of light and love; With a swelling sail we onward sweep;

2 Though the billows rise they shall never overwhelm, Though the breakers roar upon the lee;

3 Though for ages past she has plowed the stormy main, She's the stout ship Zion as of yore;
4 We are homeward bound: won't you join our happy crew? Come aboard, poor sinners, while you may,



Though the rude winds blow, there is One who rules above, Who will guard the sailor on the deep.

'Mid the strife we'll sing, for we've Jesus at the helm, And he'll steer the good ship o'er the sea,

Safe 'mid rocks and shoals and the fearful hurricane, She has thousands brought to Canaan's shore.
To the eye of faith there's a bet-ter land in view; 'Tis the land of nev-er-end-ing day.

CHORUS

In the good ship Zi - on we are toss-ing on the tide, But the wild, dark tempest soon shall cease :

In the good ship Zi - on we are toss-ing on the tide, But the wild, dark tempest soon shall cease :

All the dan-ger o - ver she will safe at an-chor ride, In the port of ev - er - last-ing peace.

All the dan-ger o - ver, she will safe at an-chor ride, In the port of ev - er - last-ing peace.

We're Marching to Canaan's Happy Land.

Words by ALDINE.

1 We're a band of lit - tle pil-grim strangers, We're marching to Canaan's happy land;

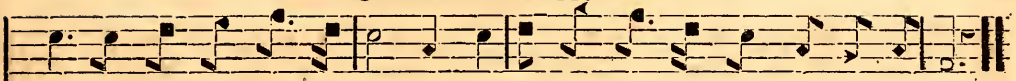
2 We are hast'ning on from sin and sor - row, We're fly - ing from grief, and pain, and woe;

Won't you fly from sin's allur - ing dan - gers, And join in our lit - tle pil-grim band,—

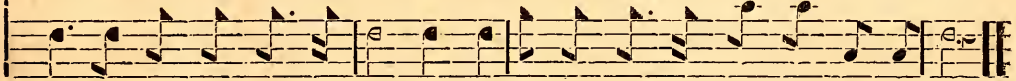
And we know there is a home of glo - ry, For all those who now with us will go,—

Join in our Sab - bath de - vo - tions, Join in our sweet hour of prayer; And you'll

Come, then, and join in our num - ber, Come, don't de - lay for an hour, For the

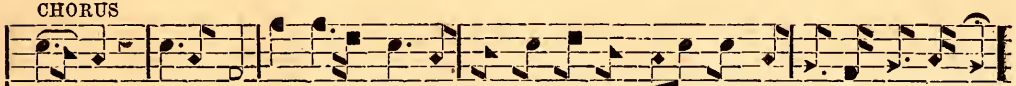


ev - er feel those sweet e - mo - tions Which make the heart beat hap - py eve - ry-where.

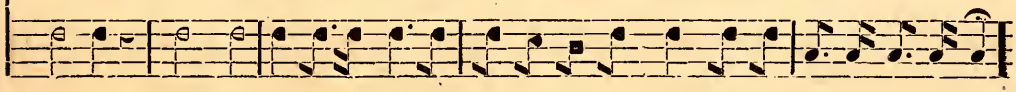


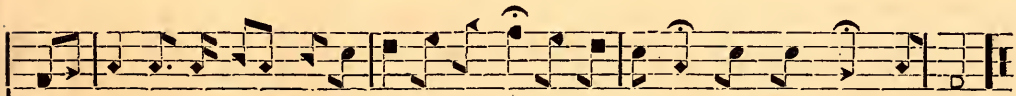
night of sin may make you slum-ber, And Death and Sa - tan bind you in their power.

CHORUS

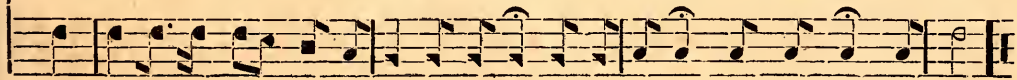


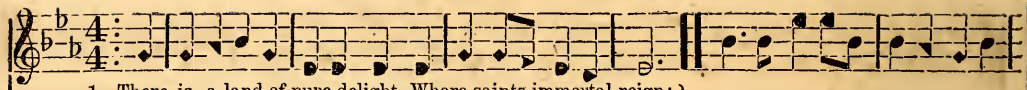
Come then, come then, join in our band, And march with us to bright climes where shadows never come,



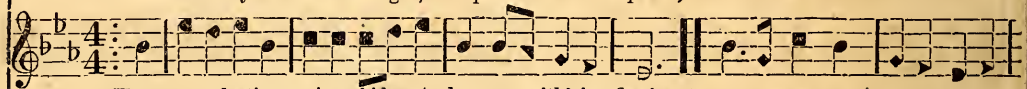


Where day nev - er fa-deth,—Where night never shadeth, The pilgrim's, the pilgrim's sweet home.

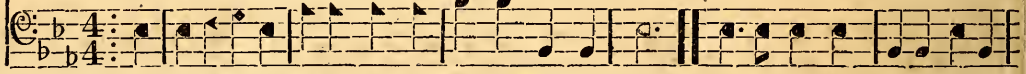




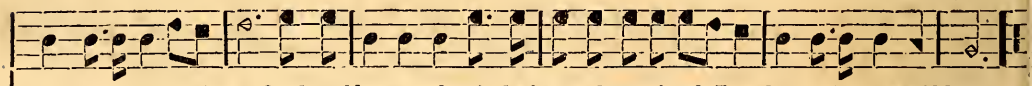
1 There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
Oh the land, the lovely land, The



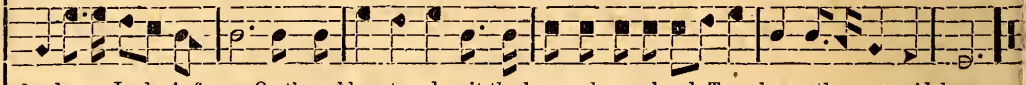
2 There ev-er-lasting spring abides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs;
Death like a narrow sea divides This heavenly land from ours.
Oh the land, the lovely land, The



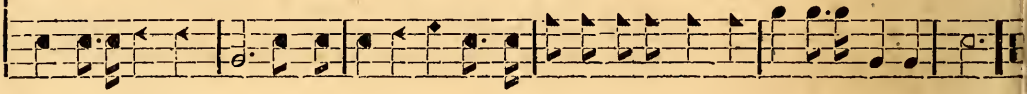
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood While Jordan rolled between.

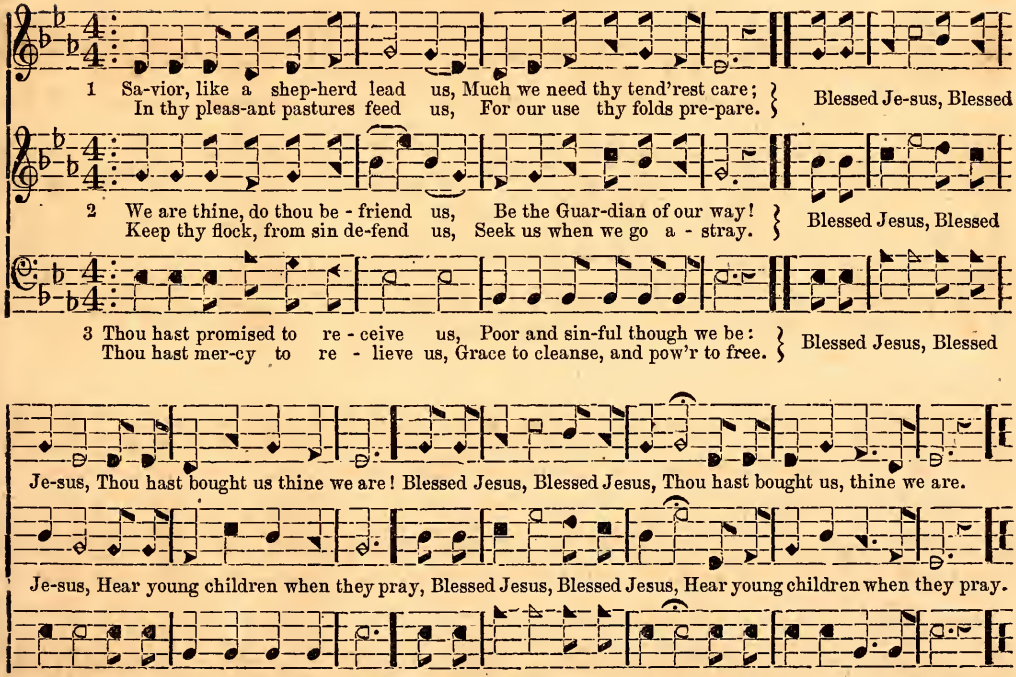


land over Jordan's foam; On the golden strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransom'd home.



land over Jordan's foam; On the golden strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransom'd home.




1 Sa-vior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleas-ant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare.
Blessed Je-sus, Blessed
2 We are thine, do thou be - friend us, Be the Guar-dian of our way!
Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed
3 Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be:
Thou hast mer-cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed
Je-sus, Thou hast bought us thine we are! Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Je-sus, Hear young children when they pray, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear young children when they pray.
Je-sus, Let us ear - ly turn to thee, Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Let us ear - ly turn to thee.

O, WONT YOU BE CHRISTIAN.

1 Oh wont you be a Christian while you're young? Oh wont you be a Christian while you're young? Don't

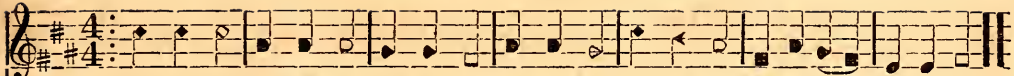
2 Oh wont you love the Savior while you're young? Oh wont you love the Savior while you're young: For

3 Remember, death may find you while you're young; Remember, death may find you while you're young: For
4 Oh walk the path to glory while you're young; Oh walk the path to glory while you're young; And

think it will be bet - ter, To de - lay it un - til la-ter, But re-mem-ber your Cre-a-tor While you're young.

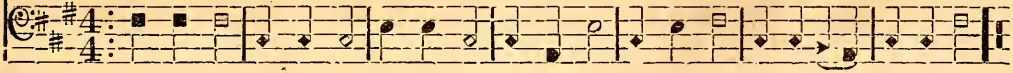
you he left his glo - ry And embraced a cross so gory; Wont you heed the melting story While you're young?

friends are often weeping, And the stars their watch are keeping O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping Lie the young.
Je-sus will befriend you And from danger will defend you, And a peace divine will send you, While you're young.

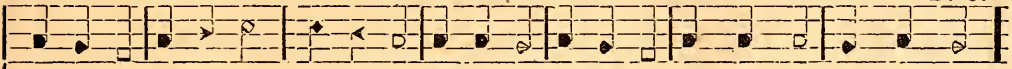


1 Come a - way to the skies—My be-lov-ed ! arise And rejoice in the day thou wast born ;
On this fes - ti - val day, Come ex-ult-ing a way, And with sing-ing to Zi - on re-turn.
The redeemed of the Lord—We remember his word, And with singing to Par-a-dise go.

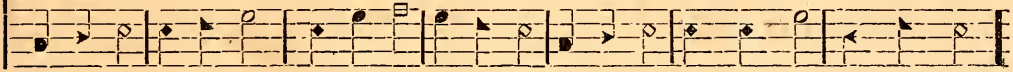
2 For thy glo-ry we were First cre - a - ted to share Both thy nature and kingdom divine ;
Now cre -a - ted a - gain, That our souls may re-main, Both in time and e-ter-ni-ty thine.
So u - ni - ted in heart That we nev-er can part—We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.



D. C.

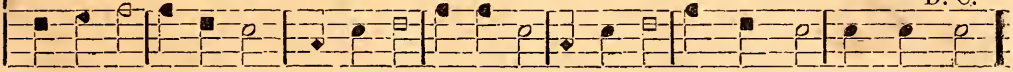


We have laid up our love, With our treas-ures a - bove, Though our bodies con-tin - ue be - low ;



With thanks we ap-prove The de-sign of thy love, Which hath join'd us in Christ's precious name ;

D. C.



MY BURIED FRIENDS.

Arr. from HAUSER. M. D.

1 My bu - ried friends can I for - get, Or, must the grave e - ter - nal sev - er,

2 I fain would weep, but what of tears? No tears of mine could e'er re - call them:

3 I heard them bid the world a - dieu, I saw them on the roll - ing bil - low,
4 Oh, how I'd love to join their wing, And range the fields of bloom-ing flow - ers!

They lin - ger in my mem - 'ry yet, And in my heart they'll live for - ev - er;

Nor should I wish them gloom-y cares; For cares like mine can ne'er be - fall them;

Their far off homes ap-peared in view, While yet they pressed a dy - ing pil - low,—
Come ho - ly watch - er, come and bring A mem - oir from your bliss - ful bow-ers!

They loved me once, with love sin - cere, And nev - er did their love de - ceive me;

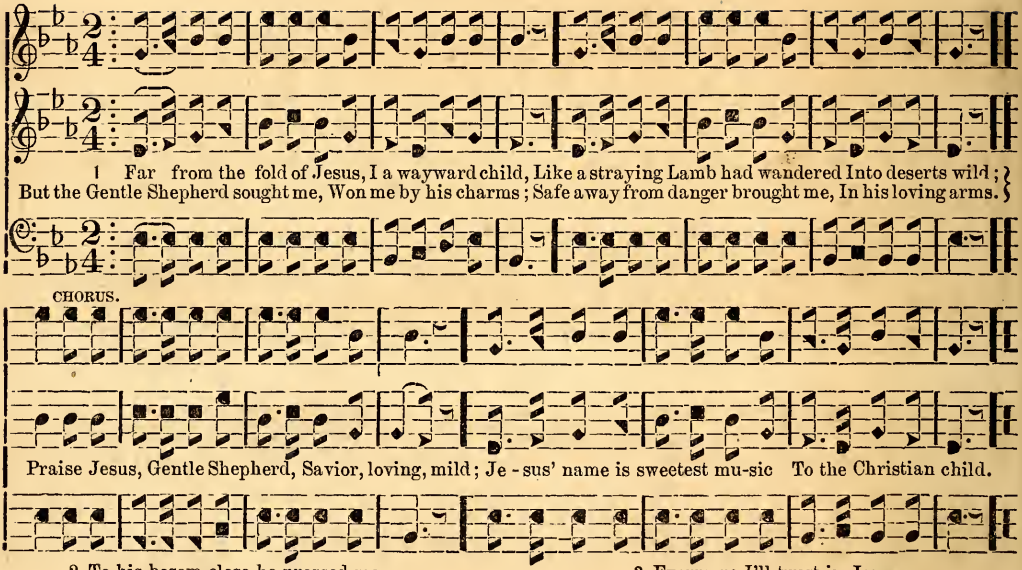
They rest in realms of light and love, They dwell up - on the mount of glo - ry;

I heard the part - ing pil - grim tell—(While cross-ing Jor-dan's storm - y riv - er:
I'd speed with rap - ture on my way, Nor would I pause at Jor - dan's riv - er:

But oft - time, in my con - flicts here, They've rallied quick - ly to re - lieve me.

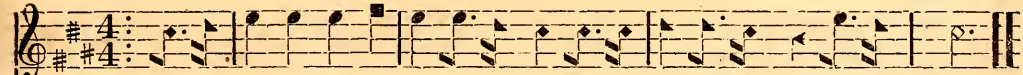
They bask in beams of end - less day, And shout to tell the hap - py sto - ry.

"A - dieu to earth! for all is well, Now all is well with me for ev - er."
With songs I'd en - ter end - less day, And live with my loved friends for ev - er!

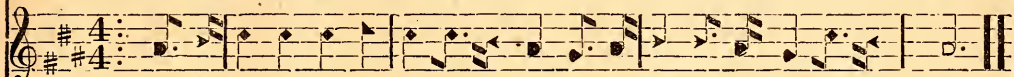


2 To his bosom close he pressed me,
Pardoned all my sin,
Led me by the stillest waters,
Into pastures green.
Now all day I'm glad and joyful,
Happy in his love;
All the night my rest is peaceful,
Guarded from above.

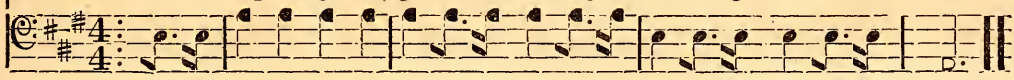
3 Evermore I'll trust in Jesus,
He shall be my Guide;
No allurements shall entice me
From my Shepherd's side.
By and by from earth's temptations,
He will give me rest,
And in heaven's greener paturos,
Make me ever blest.



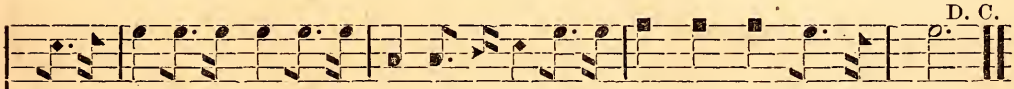
1 There's a land of light and love far a - way, Where the long severed friends meet a - gain;
Where the long dark night and toil-wearing day, Nev-er tar - nish the bright gol-den plain;
Where the soul is freed from sor-row and death, And the tear nev - er - more dims the eye.



2 To that gol - den shore some dear ones have gone, And we trust we shall meet them a - gain,
When that glorious morn in lus - tre shall dawn, And we stand on the bright gol-den plain;
And with an-gels bright through time's ceaseless flight, We shall sing of a dear Savior's love.



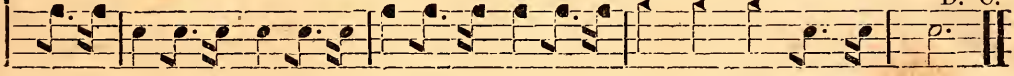
D. C.



Where the rude winter blast nev - er chill with their breath, Nor the darkling storm glooms the sky;

By the riv - er of Life, in the Ci - ty of Light, We shall roam with lov'd ones a - bove;

D. C.



WHITHER PILGRIMS?

1 Whither pil-grims are you go - ing, Each with staff in hand? We are go - ing

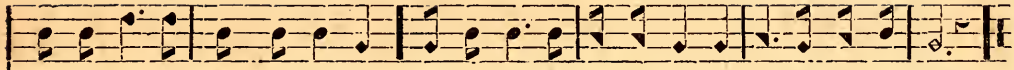
2 Fear ye not the way so lone - ly, You a lit - tle band? No, for friends un-

3 Tell me pil-grims, what you hope for In the bet - ter land? Spot - less robes and
4 Will you let me trav - el with you To the bet - ter land? Come a - long, we

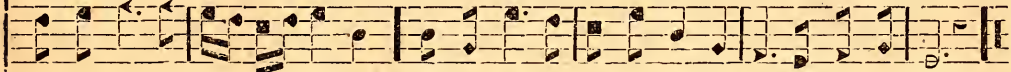
on a jour - ney, At the King's com-mand. O - ver plains, and hills, and val - leys,

seen are near us, An - gels round us stand. Christ our lead - er walks be - side us,

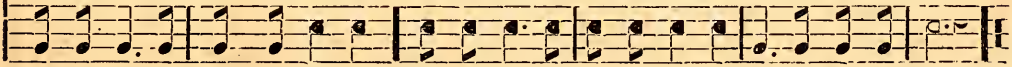
crowns of glo - ry, From a Sa - vior's hand. We shall drink, of life's pure riv - er,
bid you wel - come, To our lit - tle band. Come, oh! come, we can - not leave you,



We are go-ing to his pal-ace, We are go-ing to his pal-ace, In the bet-ter land.



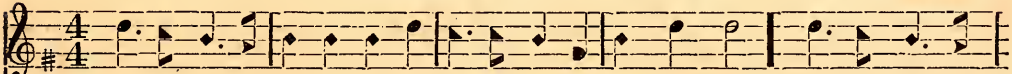
He will guard and he will guide us, He will guard and he will guide us To that better land.



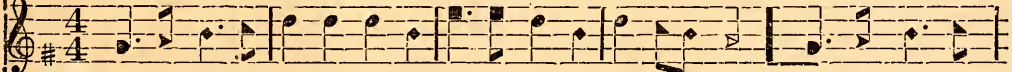
We shall dwell with God for-ev-er, We shall dwell with God forever, In that bet-ter land.
Christ is wait-ing to re-ceive you, Christ is wait-ing to re-ceive you, In that bet-ter land.

ANGEL FEET ARE WALKING WITH THEE.

A. S. Kieffer.



1 Dark and thorny is the des-ert Thro' which pilgrims make their way; But beyond this



2 O young soldiers, are you weary, Of the troubles of the way; Does your strength be-
3 Je-sus, Je-sus will go with you—He will lead you to his throne, He who dyed his

4 Round him are ten thousand angels, Ready to o-bey com-mand: They are al-ways

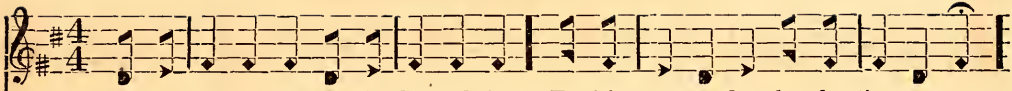
vale of sor–rows Lie the fields of end–less day. Cheer thee, pil – grim! don't be wea – ry,

gin to fail you, And your vig – or to de – cay? Cheer thee, pil – grim! don't be wea – ry,
garments for you, And the wine – press trod a – lone.

hov'ring round you, Till you reach the heav'n–ly land.

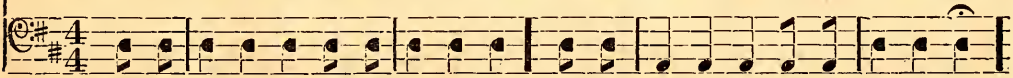
Though the road seem dark with care, An–gel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for – ev – er fair.

Though the road seem dark with care, An–gel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for – ev – er fair.

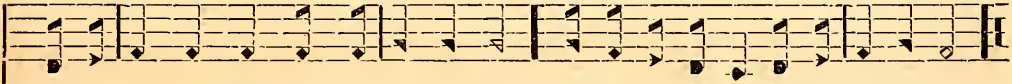


1 I'll a-wake at dawn on the Sabbath day, For 'tis wrong to doze ho - ly time a - way;

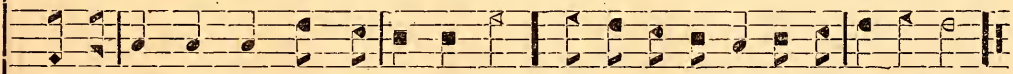
2 Birds a - wake betimes: every morn they sing; None are tardy there when the woods do ring:



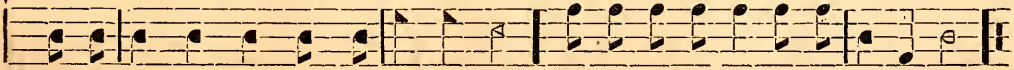
3 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again, They the call obey—none are tar-dy then;
4 But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er, And these happy hours shall return no more;



With my les - sons learned, this shall be my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sabbath school.



So when Sun-day comes, this shall be my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sabbath school.



Nor will I for - get that it was my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sabbath school.
Then I'll ne'er re - gret that it was my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sabbath school.

SABBATH MORNING.

1 Oh the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright, Joy-ful-ly we hail its gol-den light,

2 All the days of la-bor end-ed one by one, Glad are we the six day's work is done;

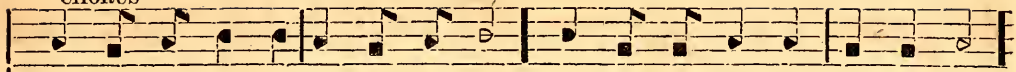
3 Let us spend the moments of this ho-ly day, So that when they all have passed away,

All the gloomy shadows chas-ing far a-way, Bringing us the pleas-ant day.

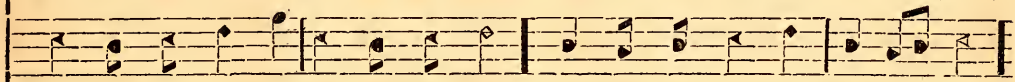
Glad to have a day of sweet and ho-ly rest: 'Tis the day that God has blest.

Sweet 'twill be to think, this qui-et Sab-bath even, Brings us one day near-er heaven.

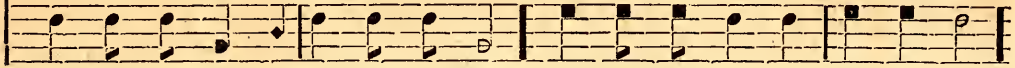
CHORUS

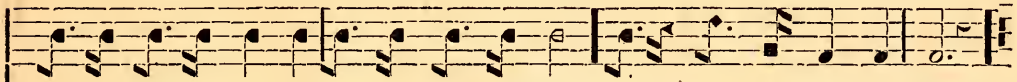


Day calm and ho - ly, day near - est heaven, Day which a Fa-ther's love has giv'n;

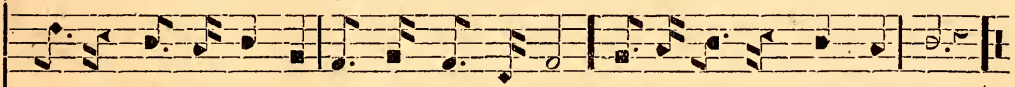


Day calm and ho - ly, day near - est heaven, Day which a Fa-ther's love has giv'n;

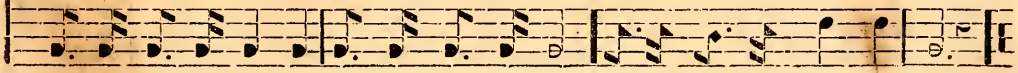


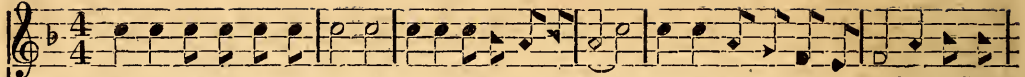


Oh the Sab-bath morning, beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gol - den light.



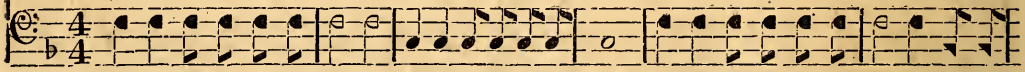
Oh the Sab-bath morning, beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gol - den light.



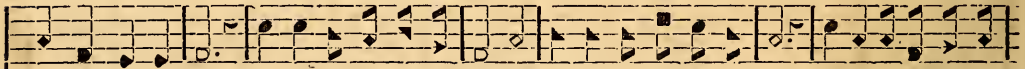


1 When we hear the music ringing, Thro' a bright celestial dome; When sweet angel voices singing Gladly

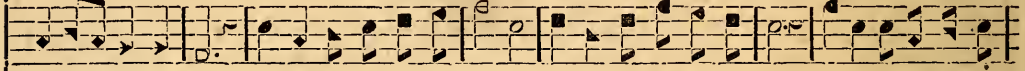
2 When the holy angels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we know the friends that greet us In the



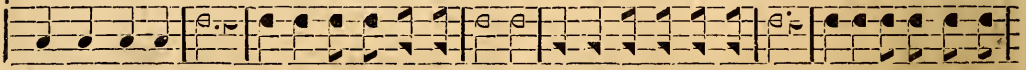
3 Yes, my earth-born soul rejoic-es, And my weary heart grows light; For the blessed angel voices, And the
4 Oh, ye weary ones, and tost ones, Droop not, faint not by the way; Ye shall join your lov'd and lost ones In the



bid us welcome home, To the land of ancient sto-ry, Where the spirit knows no care, In the land of light and



glorious spirit land; Shall we see their dark eyes shining, On us as in days of yore, Shall we feel their dear arms



an-gel fa-ces bright, That shall welcome us in glo-ry, Are the loved of long a - go—And to them 'tis kindly
land of perfect day, Harp-strings touched by angel fingers, Murmur in my raptured ear; Evermore the sweet tone

glo - ry, Shall we know each other there? Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each

twi-ning, Fondly round us as be - fore? Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each

giv - en, Thus their mortal friends to know, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each
lin-gers—We shall know each other there, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each

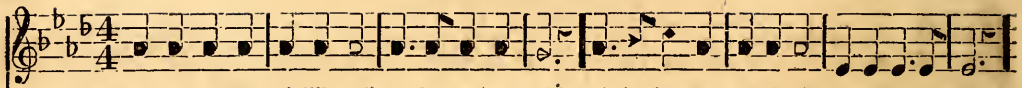
oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?

oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?

oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?
oth - er, We Shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er there!

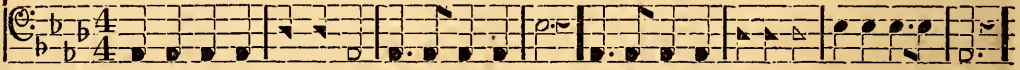
LOVE AT HOME.

J. H. McNAUGHTON.

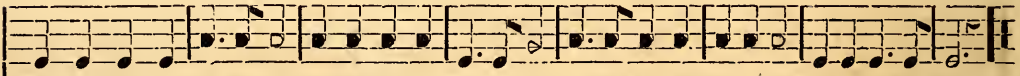


1 There is beauty all around, When there's love at home: There is joy in every sound, When there's love at home.

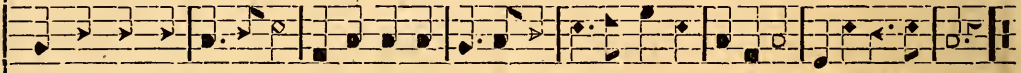
2 In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and envy ne'er annoy, When there's love at home.



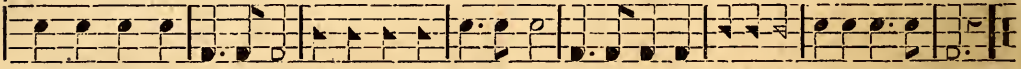
3 Kindly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home: All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home.
4 Jesus, show thy mercy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweetly whisper, I am thine, Then there's love at home.



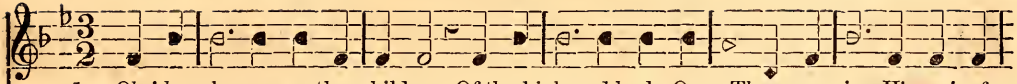
Peace and plenty here abide, Smiling sweet on every side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.



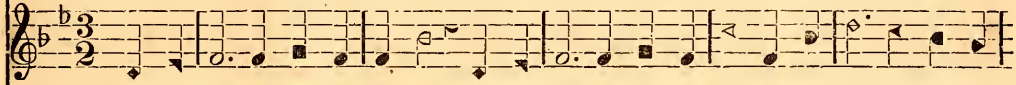
Roses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.



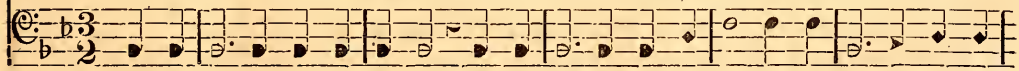
Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the azure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high When there's love, &c.
Source of love, thy cheering light Far exceeds the sun so bright—Can dispel the gloom of night; Then there's love, &c.



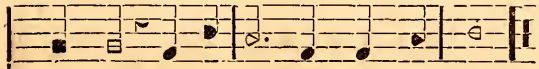
1 Oh ! how happy are the children Of the high and ho-ly One ; They may sing His praise for-
CHO—Bless'd are the pure in spir - it, Children of the ho-ly One ! They shall wear a crown of



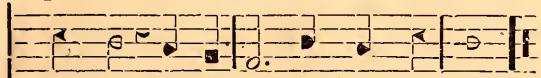
2 And their souls are filed with manna, While they sojourn here be-low ; And they sing his loud ho-



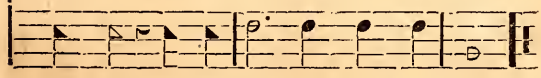
3 Here they have both joy and blessing, As they're trav'ling on their way ; Faith is too, their footsteps



ev - er, Which on earth they have be - gun.
glo - ry, When their race on earth is done.



san - nas, While their hearts with love o'er-flow.



press - ing, To the realms of end - less day.

4 When they reach that blissful station,
Then their toils of life are o'er ;
Hope is changed to glad fruition,
And they shout for evermore,
CHO.—Blessed are the pure, &c.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

1 In the Christian's home of glo-ry There re-mains a land of rest, There my Savior's gone be-fore me,

2 He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter-nal-ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be tran-sient

3 Pain nor sick-ness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that ce - les-tial cen-tre,

CHORUS.

To ful - fill my soul's re-quest. There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,

In that ho - ly, hap - py land. There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,

I a crown of life shall wear. There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you— On the oth-er side of Jor-dan,

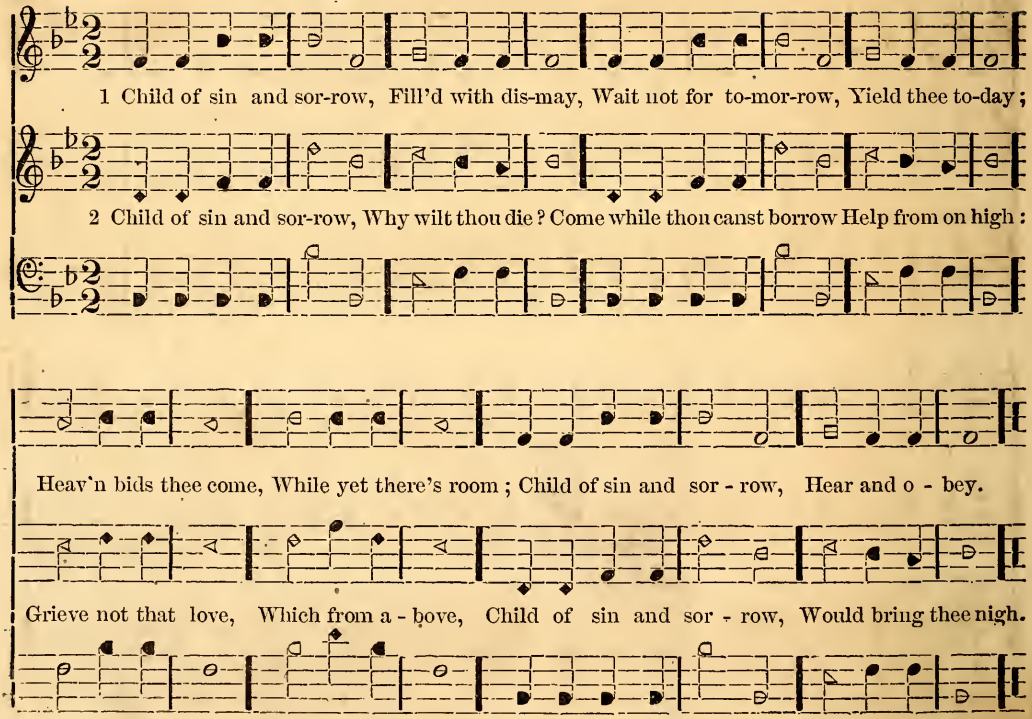
There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you— On the oth-er side of Jor-dan,

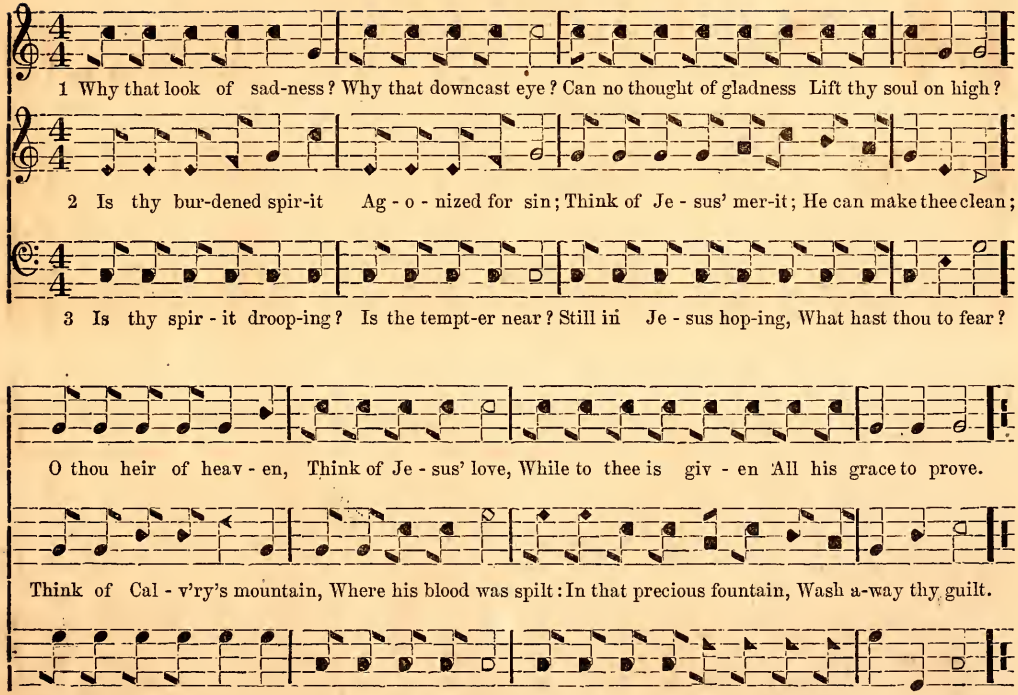
In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you!

In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you!

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumph as you go:
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.


1 Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis-may, Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day;
2 Child of sin and sor-row, Why wilt thou die? Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high:
Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
Grieve not that love, Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.


1 Why that look of sad-ness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high?
2 Is thy bur-dened spir-it Ag - o - nized for sin; Think of Je - sus' mer-it; He can make thee clean;
3 Is thy spir - it droop-ing? Is the tempt-er near? Still in Je - sus hop-ing, What hast thou to fear?
O thou heir of heav - en, Think of Je - sus' love, While to thee is giv - en All his grace to prove.
Think of Cal - v'ry's mountain, Where his blood was spilt: In that precious fountain, Wash a-way thy guilt.
Set the prize be-fore thee, Gird thy ar - mor on; Child of grace and glo - ry, Strug-gle for the crown.

O, HOW I LOVE JESUS!

1 A - las! and did my Sa-vior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he de-vote that

2 Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? A - maz-ing pit-y!

3 Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glories in, When God's own Son was

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross ap - pears, Dis-solve my heart in

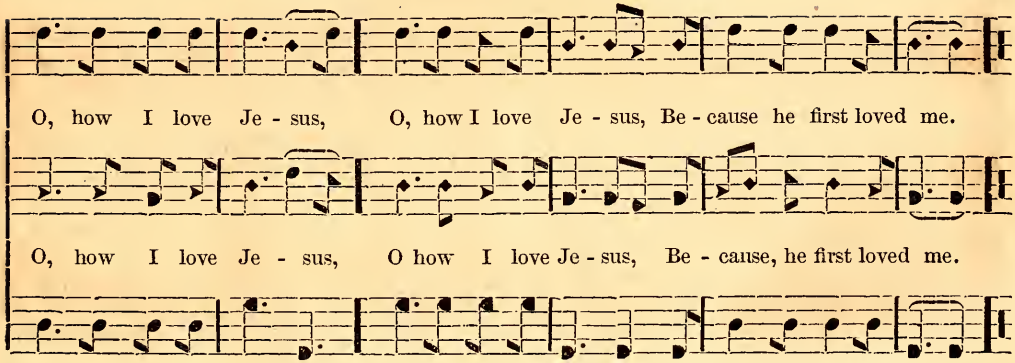
CHORUS.

sa - cred head For such a worm as I? O, how I love Je - sus,

grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree! O, how I love Je - sus,

cru - ci - fied For man the crea - ture's sin.

thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.



AN ADDITIONAL HYMN.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place:
My never failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

4 I would thy boundless love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath?
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

WE ARE GOING.

1 We are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, To a land where all is light, Where are

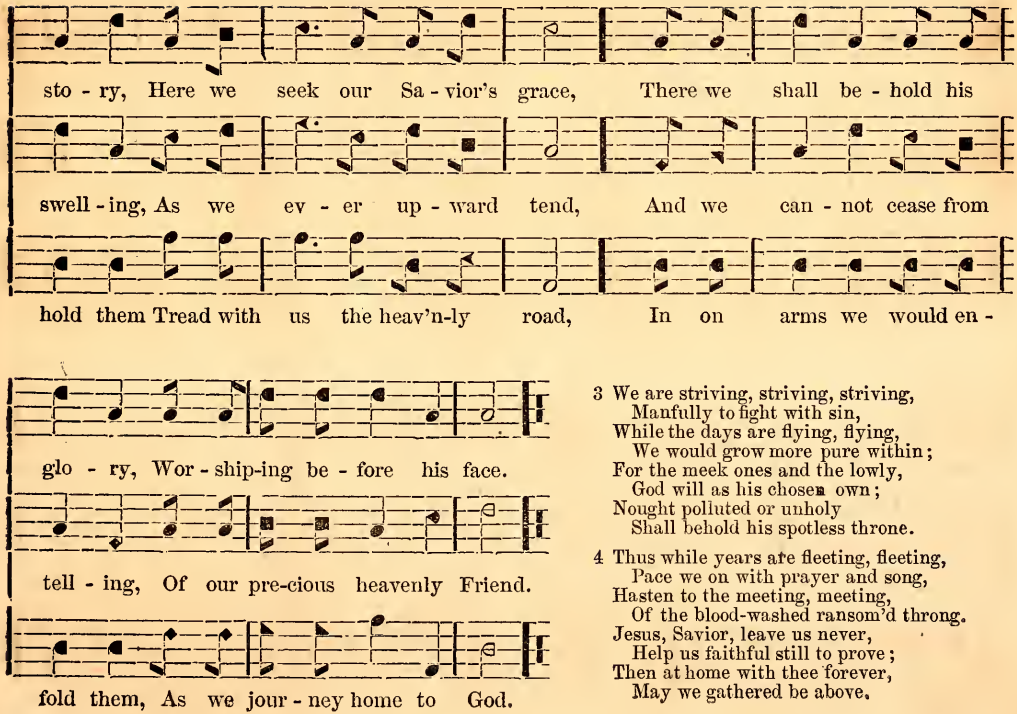
2 We are sing-ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, As we joy - ful pass a - long, Hear the

3 We are pray-ing, pray - ing, pray-ing, For the sin - ners all a - round, Who are

flow - ing, flow-ing, flow - ing, Liv - ing wa - ters, pure and bright, Here we learn re-demp-tion's

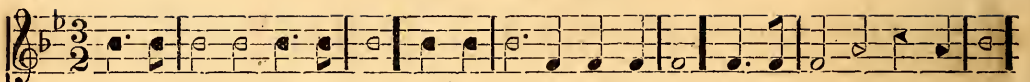
ring - ing, ring - ing, ring-ing, Of our glad, tri-umph-ant song. Hap-pi - ness our heart is

stray - ing, stray - ing, stray-ing, In a mis - er - ry pro-found. We are long-ing to be -

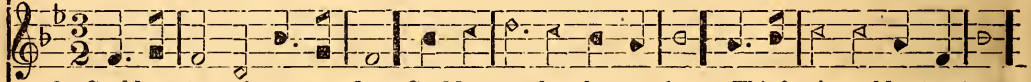


3 We are striving, striving, striving,
Manfully to fight with sin,
While the days are flying, flying,
We would grow more pure within;
For the meek ones and the lowly,
God will as his chosen own;
Nought polluted or unholy
Shall behold his spotless throne.

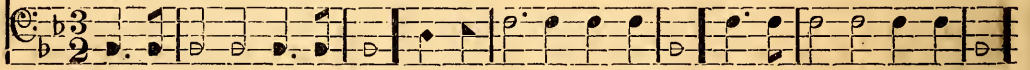
4 Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting,
Pace we on with prayer and song,
Hasten to the meeting, meeting,
Of the blood-washed ransom'd throng.
Jesus, Savior, leave us never,
Help us faithful still to prove;
Then at home with thee forever,
May we gathered be above.



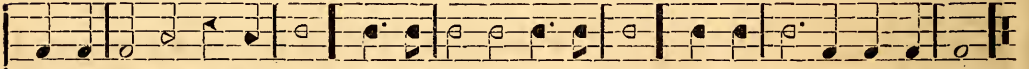
1 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood,



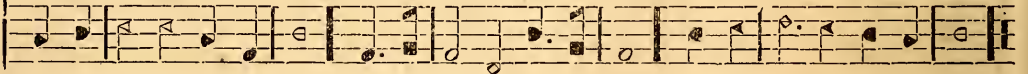
2 Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no languor know, This for sin could not a-tone,



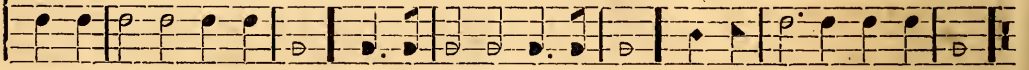
3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,



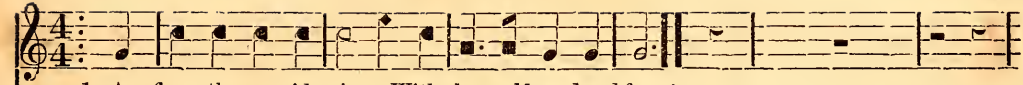
From thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the double eure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.



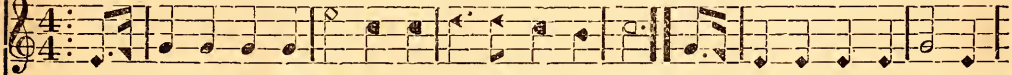
Thou must save, and thou alone; In my hand no priee I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.



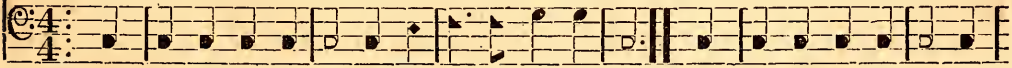
And be-hold thee on thy throne, Rock of A-ges eleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.



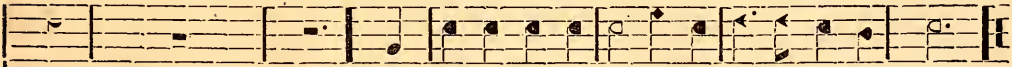
1 As flows the rap-id river, With channel broad and free,
Its wa-ters rippling ev-er, And hastening to the sea: } So life is on-ward flowing,



2 As moons are ev-er wan-ing, As hastes the sun a-way,
As stormy winds complaining, Bring on the win'try day; } So fast the night comes o'er us—

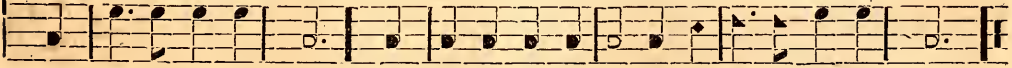


3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure, Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure, Thy God to serve and love? } Beware! lest death's dark river,



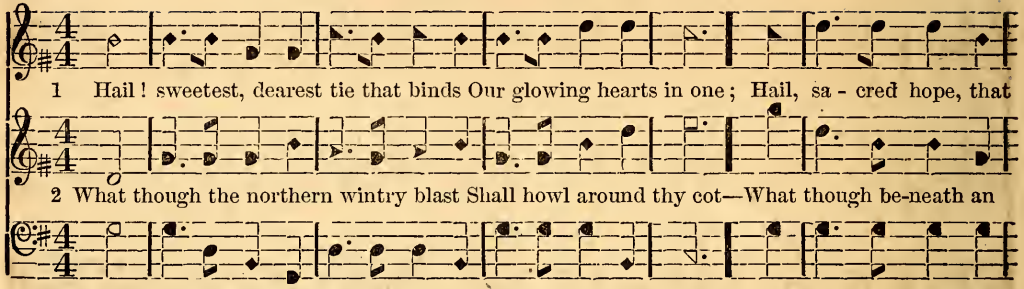
And days of of-fered peace; And man is swift-ly go-ing, Where calls of mercy cease.

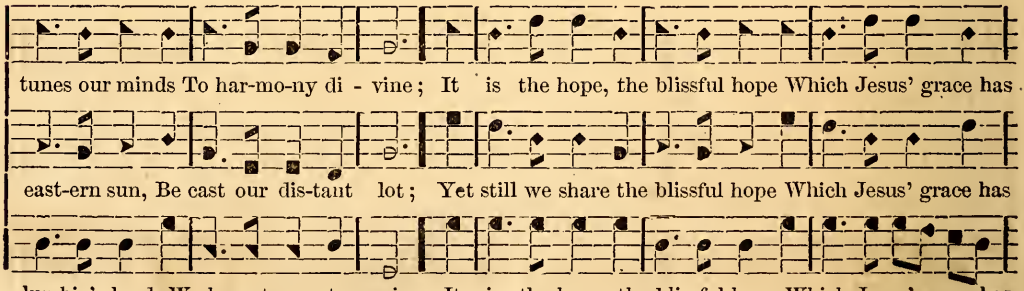
The dark-ness of the grave; And death is just be-fore us—God takes the life he gave.

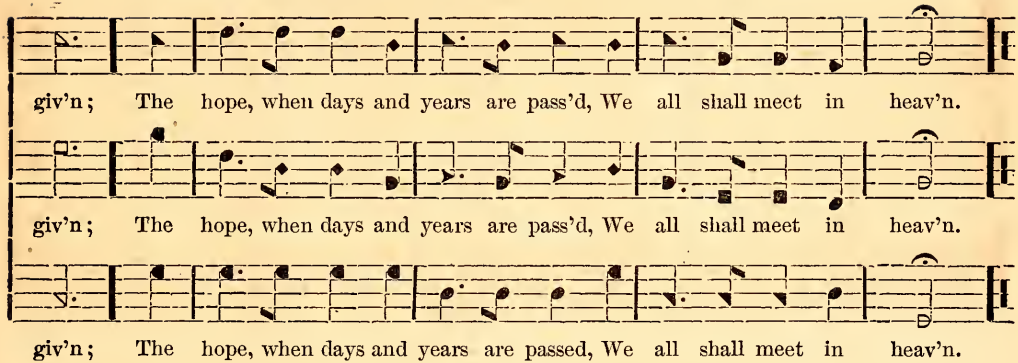


Its bil-lows o'er thee roll, And thou la-ment for-ev-er, The ru-in of thy soul.

WE ALL SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN.







SECOND HYMN.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is almost run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun,
CHO.—O come, and bear me, angel band,
To my immortal home,
Come bear me on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm near the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.
CHO.—O come, &c.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings:
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.
CHO.—O come, &c.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.
CHO.—O come, and bear me, angel band,
To my immortal home,
Come, bear me on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN.

1 Our bon-dage it shall end, by and by, by and by, Our bon-dage it shall

2 Tho' our en-e-mies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on, Tho' our en-e-mies are

3 Though bit-ter Ma-rah's streams, we'll go on, we'll go on; Though bit-ter Ma-rah's

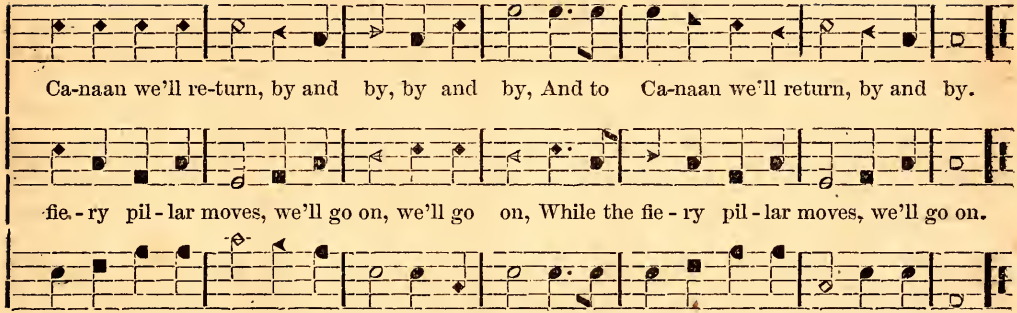
4 And when to Jor-dan's flood we are come, we are come, And when to Jor-dan's

end, by and by; From E-gypt's yoke set free, Hail the glo-rious Ju-bi-lee, And to

strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear, Lo! Si-nai's God is near, While the

streams, we'll go on; Though Bo-ca's vale be dry, And the land yield no supply, To a

flood we are come, Je-ho-vah rules the tide, And the wa-ters he'll di-vide, And the



5 Then friends shall meet again,
Who have loved, who have loved,
Then friends shall meet again
Who have loved;
Our embraces will be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more
Who have loved, who have loved,
When we meet to part no more,
Who have loved.

6 Then with all the happy throng
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
Then with all the happy throng
We'll rejoice;
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity
We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
And through all eternity
We'll rejoice.

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